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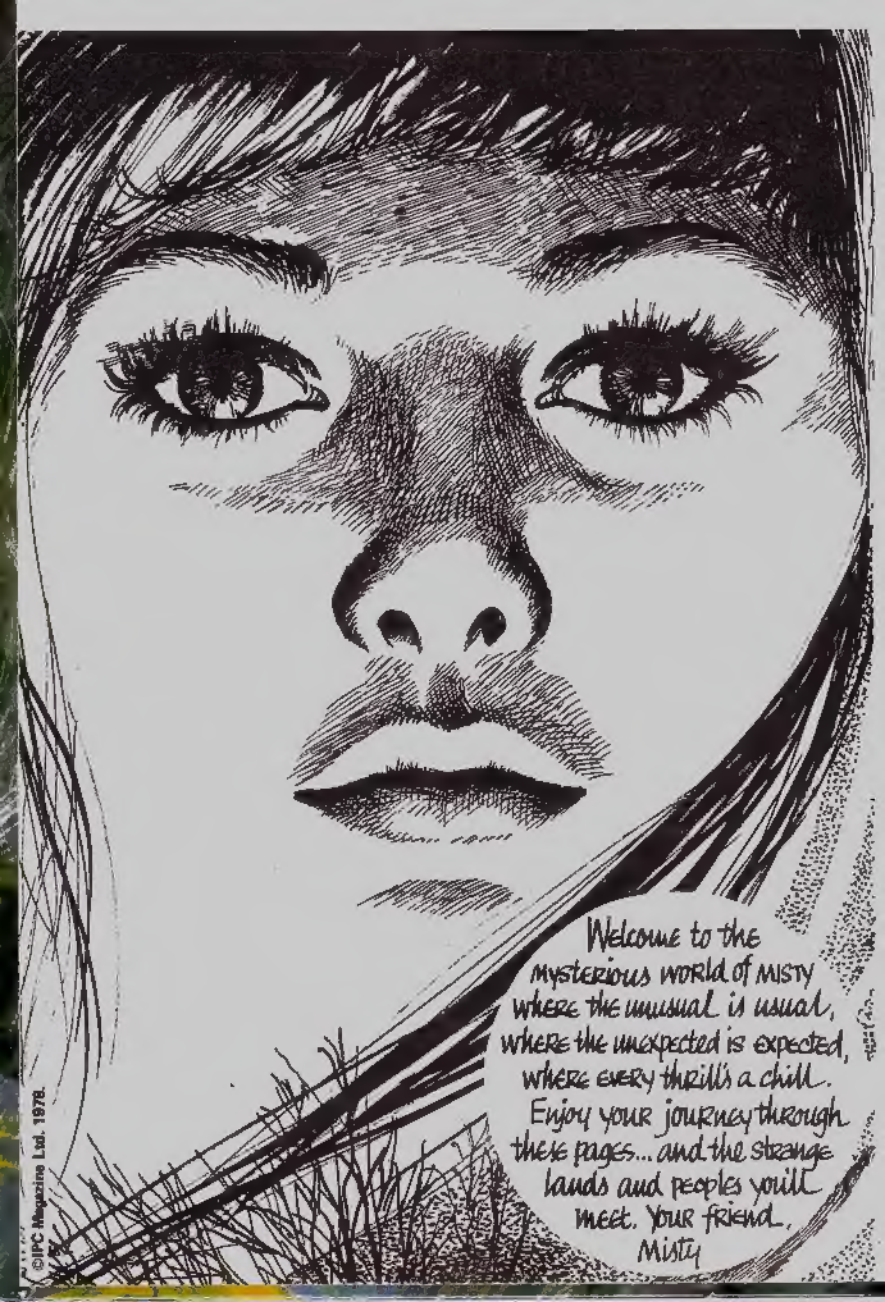

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THE SWARM

TAMSIN ROGERS WAS DELIGHTED THAT HER DAD WAS RETURNING UNEXPECTEDLY FROM HIS JOB IN THE MIDDLE EAST. IT MEANT SHE HAD THE WEEKEND OFF FROM SCHOOL AND THEY'D GO TO THE COTTAGE TOGETHER ...

SINCE HER MUM DIED, TAMSIN HAD TO GO TO BOARDING SCHOOL AND SAW LITTLE OF HER DAD WHO WORKED ABROAD MOSTLY.
WHAT A LOVELY SURPRISE TO GET YOUR CABLE, BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO BE OUT THERE MONTHS! DON'T THEY WANT THE BEST PILOT IN THE PEST CONTROL BUSINESS ANY MORE?

IT'S A LOCUST, BIGGEST ONE I EVER SAW—AND I'VE SEEN SOME, BELIEVE ME! THEY TAKE SOME KILLING-OFF EVEN WITH THE SPRAY CHEMICALS I USE!

ONE OF THE WONDERS OF NATURE, THAT IS, TAMSIN. D'YOU KNOW THEY CAN FLY THOUSANDS OF MILES, AND ONE SWARM OF THEM WAS CALCULATED TO BE TWO THOUSAND SQUARE MILES IN AREA? THEY CHANGE SHAPE AND COLOUR WHEN THEY'RE ABOUT TO SWARM, TOO!

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I STILL THINK HE'S AN UGLY CUSTOMER. I'LL GIVE HIM TO OUR BIOLOGY CLASS, IF THAT'S OKAY WITH YOU, DAD!
IN HER OWN ROOM AT THE COTTAGE TAMSIN EXAMINED THE GIFT MORE CLOSELY.
HEY IT– IT'S ALIVE STILL. IT MOVED! I THOUGHT IT WAS PRESERVED!
SORRY, I THOUGHT YOU REALISED! BETTER GIVE IT A CABBAGE LEAF. ONE LOCUST BY ITSELF WON'T DO ANY HARM. IT'S WHEN THEY SWARM THE TROUBLE STARTS!
BUT NEXT MORNING–
W-WHAT? THE LOCUST'S GONE. BUT I CAN'T SAY I'M SORRY. SOMEHOW IT SORT OF SAVE ME THE CREEPS. DON'T THINK I'LL BOTHER TO LOOK FOR IT!
BUT LATER, AS SHE PICKED FLOWERS IN THE GARDEN–
THERE'S THE LOCUST. ONLY –
– IT SEEMS TO HAVE GROWN EVEN BIGGER A-AND – IT'S COLOUR'S CHANGED!

TURNING AWAY SHE CAUGHT HER BREATH WHEN SHE SAW–
ANOTHER. MAYBE YOU'RE THE ONE WHO ESCAPED!
BUT – TWO OF THEM? IN ENGLAND?
LATER STILL–
T-THERE'S YET ANOTHER LOCUST!
AGH . . . NO.
EVEN MORE AND–AND IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE STARTING TO STRIP EVERY-THING THAT'S GREEN
UGH! THEY'RE SO FLUTTERY AND HORRIBLE. T-THEY GIVE ME THE SHIVERS AND– THERE'S MORE OF THEM FLYING IN.
DAD, DAD. COME QUICK. LOCUSTS. TONS OF 'EM. ALL MAKING FOR OUR GARDEN.
VERY DROLL!

GREAT SCOTT, WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST. QUICK, GET IN THE CAR!
BUT, DAD, THIS IS CRAZY. LOCUSTS—IN ENGLAND?
HAPPENED ONCE BEFORE, BACK IN 1869. WEATHER'S RIGHT FOR IT, TOO. WARM, DRY WINDS TO CARRY THEM, AND MAYBE THEY'RE ALL HOMING IN ON THAT BIG ONE I BROUGHT BACK!
ONLY ONE THING WE CAN DO— GET TO THE NEAREST AIRFIELD, TAKE A PLANE UP ABOVE THEM AND SPRAY BEFORE THEY STRIP THE CROPS. HOLD TIGHT!
T-THERE'S MILLIONS OF 'EM OUT THERE AND MORE AND MORE SEEM TO BE JOINING THEM!
IT—IT'S AS THOUGH THEY'RE ATTACKING US—AS IF THEY KNOW WHAT WE WANT TO DO!
NONSENSE. IT'S JUST THAT THEY'RE SO MANY. IF ONLY THIS WAS A PLANE I COULD SETTLE 'EM!
IT'S NO USE—I CAN'T SEE A THING!
DAD, LOOK OUT! THAT FENCE!
TAMSIN'S DAD JAMMED ON THE BRAKES BUT IT WAS TOO LATE. THE CAR HAD ALREADY LEFT THE ROAD.
KRUNCH

WE'D BETTER GET OUT IN CASE THE CAR GOES UP IN FLAMES.
I SAW A CHURCH BACK AT THE TOP OF THE HILL. MAYBE WE COULD SHELTER THERE?
SHE STEPPED OUT OF THE CAR INTO WHAT SEEMED TO BE A SOLID CLOUD OF FLUTTERING, TWITTERING INSECTS!
AAAAAGH! THEY'RE HORRIBLE. HORRIBLE!
WITH HEADS DOWN THEY RAN. INSECT BODIES CRUNCHING BENEATH THEIR FEET, WINGS BEATING AND WHIRRING IN THEIR FACES ALMOST DEAFENING THEM!
QUICK, SHUT THE DOOR.
BUT WHAT—WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
WAIT FOR THEM TO GO. THEN WE'LL FIND THAT PLANE!
BUT IT SEEMED AS THOUGH THE INSECTS HAD NO INTENTION OF GOING!
LOOK!

OUTSIDE, THE INSECTS WHEELED AND WHIRLED AND FLUTTERED, PRESSING AND PILING AGAINST THE WINDOWS OF THE CHURCH.
IT'S AS THOUGH THEY'RE AFTER DAD FOR ALL THE LOCUSTS HE MUST HAVE KILLED IN HIS TIME!
IF I CAN'T GET OUT, THEN THE WEATHER'S THE ONLY THING THAT COULD BEAT THEM NOW!
THE EVER-INCREASING WEIGHT OF THE INSECTS ON THE WINDOWS COULD HAVE ONLY ONE RESULT—
THE WINDOW'S GONE! RUN, TAMSIN, RUN!
DAD! OH, NO!
OH, HELP US! PLEASE HELP US!

NOTHING CAN SAVE US NOW!
BUT SUDDENLY—
KRAK
IT'S RAINING. HAIL, TOO. SIMPLY POURING DOWN! W-WE MIGHT BE SAVED YET!
THE ONE THING THE CURSED CREATURES CAN'T STAND, RAIN OR A DROP IN TEMPERATURE. WE GOT BOTH. IT'S A MIRACLE, TAMSIN!
MAYBE IT WAS, TOO. LOOK, DAD, ST. SWITHIN'S CHURCH. AND TODAY'S JULY 15th—ST SWITHIN'S DAY! RAIN ON HIS DAY MEANS IT'LL GO ON FOR FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS, SO THE LEGEND GOES!
ST. SWITHIN'S CHURCH
LET'S HOPE SO. MAYBE IT'LL HELP TO WASH THESE EVIL THINGS AWAY AND RESTORE THE DAMAGE THEY'VE DONE TO THE CROPS ROUND HERE!
The End

TAKE YOUR FUTURE

DO you know why a gypsy is supposed to say "Cross my palm with silver"?

It's because of an ancient belief that true gypsies can "catch" bad luck from the person whose palm they are reading . . . just as easily as the rest of us can catch a cold. A cross marked in silver is thought to be a safeguard against this risk.

You needn't worry about silver coins or having true gypsy blood to read hands, though. Just follow our guidelines, and you can't go far wrong!

SHAPING UP

First, we start with the shape of the hands—and if you aren't sure which type yours are, draw around them closely and check the outline with our diagrams.

Now a hand with a square palm, measuring the same width downwards and across, belongs to a practical person with plenty of commonsense and little time for day-dreaming. The fingers will probably look rather square too, which is a further sign of a tidy mind and good organising ability.

Sometimes, fingers will be square-tipped to such an extent that it seems the ends have been "chopped off", and this denotes someone with a talent for gardening.

Pointed fingers with a long palm indicate an artistic personality, someone with the urge to keep trying new ideas and searching for the perfect idea of happiness.

And if the tip of the little finger reaches up to the top joint of the third finger, this signifies someone with a good ear for music and an appreciation or talent for art.

When a long palm is combined with round-tipped fingers and "knotty" joints, it denotes a plodding, painstaking person—someone with lots of patience who can be relied upon to finish the most boring job.

The last main group is the spatulate hand, with the palm and fingers shaped like a spatula which widens out at the top from a fairly narrow base. This is a sign of a very determined character who finds it difficult to take advice.

The first three fingers are often more or less the same length, which is another indication of an obstinate nature.

Of course, some people have a hand that's a mixture of all the basic types, and, as you can guess, they have a wide range of interests and a carefree, happy-go-lucky nature. They are easily bored and never stay at one job for too long.

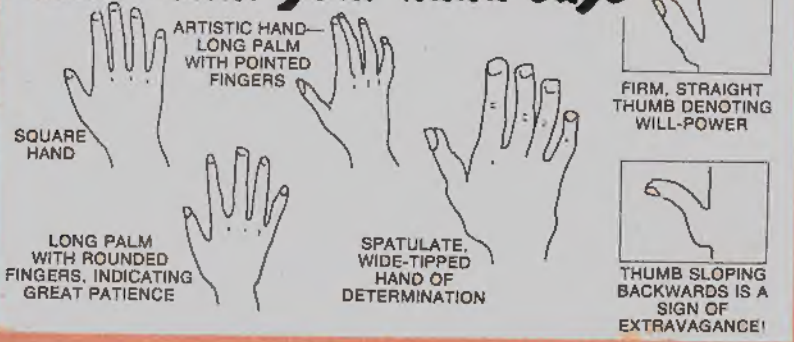
RULE OF THUMB

The next thing to look at is the thumb. Generally speaking, the larger the thumb is, the more willpower a person has, especially if the thumb is firm and straight, too. But if it tends to slope backwards away from the palm, this is a sign of an easy-going nature, someone who often spends money without thinking!

LINE-UP

If you look carefully at the lines on both your hands, you will see that there is some slight difference between the left and the right.

Read what your hand says


ARTISTIC HAND—LONG PALM WITH POINTED FINGERS
SQUARE HAND
LONG PALM WITH ROUNDED FINGERS, INDICATING GREAT PATIENCE
SPATULATE, WIDE-TIPPED HAND OF DETERMINATION
FIRM, STRAIGHT THUMB DENOTING WILL-POWER
THUMB SLOPING BACKWARDS IS A SIGN OF EXTRAVAGANCE!

BY THE HAND...

This is because the left hand remains almost unchanged, and denotes the qualities you were born with. But the lines on the right hand alter as you grow older and show how we have used any natural talents and overcome disadvantages.

As an example of this, try looking at the *Head Line* in the centre of the palm. The longer and more clearly marked this is, the more intelligent a person will be. But if it is shorter and more uneven on the right hand than on the left, this indicates someone who is gifted with good brains, but hasn't used them properly for some reason'

The *Heart Line* is above the *Head Line*, and its length will indicate a person's kindness and affection. A *Heart Line* high up on the palm denotes a happy life, but if it goes from one side of the palm to the other, this signifies a very jealous character.

* * *

As for the *Line of Life* which is found below the *Head Line* sloping down towards the wrist, many people think that an early death or serious illness is predicted if this is short. This is most definitely *NOT* the case'

A short *Life Line* is nothing more than a sign of someone being a bit fed-up or feeling unsettled about something.

Sometimes it indicates a rather weak character, too—a person content to let others make decisions and take the lead. Breaks in the *Life Line* usually mean changes in someone's life, but if it is generally strong and clearly defined, then success and contentment may be forecast.

If the beginning of the *Head* and *Life Lines* are joined, this indicates a very shy, modest person who is likely to miss many opportunities through being too cautious.

But a wide space between the beginning of the *Head Line* and the *Life Line* denotes someone who is far too reckless, often acting without thinking carefully.

The happy medium is a space that is neither too wide nor too narrow, as this is a sign of good judgement in all things and a friendly personality.

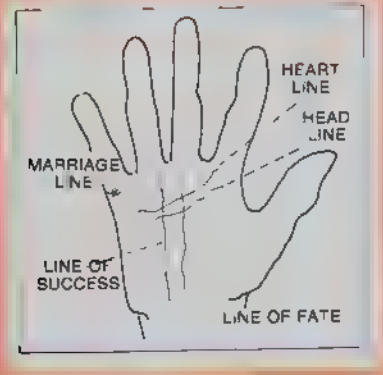
* * *

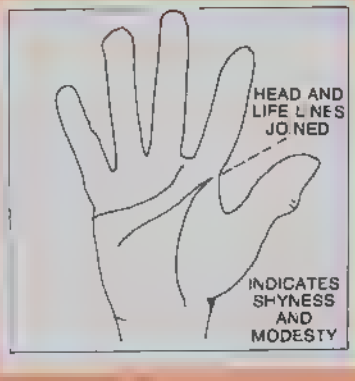
Sometimes you may see a line running down from the base of the third finger towards the wrist. This is known as the *Success Line*, and predicts plenty of support, particularly in a career, and assistance to reach a chosen goal in life without too many struggles. A *Success Line* going all the way down to the wrist is a sure sign of wealth and riches'

Often there is another line starting from under the second finger, also going down towards the wrist. This is the *Line of Fate*, and its length signifies someone's ability to overcome disappointments and set-backs. A long *Line of Fate* usually belongs to someone with a ruthless business brain'

There are quite a number of smaller lines which may be found on the hand, but the most interesting one is probably the *Marriage Line*, just under the base of your little finger. A clear line is an indication of an early and happy marriage, and the little branches leading from it denote the number of children—heavy branches for boys and lighter branches for girls.

Don't worry if you can't see either the *Marriage Line* or offshoots for children on your hand. It is very unusual indeed for all the lines to be found—and, in any case, there is plenty of time for a *Marriage Line* to grow on your right hand'





Friends of Alison

IT had been a lovely dream, Alison remembered afterwards. She could see herself running through long grass, laughing up at the sun, feeling so happy to think she belonged somewhere.

There were voices too. Happy, laughing voices which called to each other. Alison's home. Alison's home. Home.

Now, there was another voice, kind but sounding much nearer, more down to earth.

Wake up, Alison dear! Only another mile or two, and then the train will be stopping at Molefield Junction.

Her mother smiled at Alison. I let you sleep for as long as I could. You seemed so peaceful.

Alison opened her mouth, then shut it again. She wasn't sure she wanted to tell her mother about the dream, not yet, anyway. Home was a place they hadn't known for a long time, not since Alison's father died when she was quite tiny.

I start getting our cases

down from the rack,' she blurted out, secretly glad of something to do.

Molefield is a dear little place,' Mother was saying. 'Your daddy and I always loved it when we were young.'

Of course, she went on, I suppose it's changed a lot, but I expect Maydew Cottage is still the same. It's a bit out of the way, but it'll be all right for the dressmaking job I've got with the boutique in the next town. Come along, dear.'

There weren't any taxis at the station, so Alison and her mother had to start walking. Soon Alison's arms began to ache and the bottom of her jeans were wet with splashes of mud from the narrow country road. She hoped Maydew Cottage would be worth the trouble.

There it is!' her mother cried out at last, as a red tiled roof peeped above the top of the hedge. Alison could see a tiny window set into the roof too, and the attic bedroom Mum had promised her.

It's perfect, Mum!' she exclaimed, hurrying along and almost forgetting the heavy suitcases she was carrying.

What's that place?' she asked suddenly, pointing to a larger building in the distance, mostly hidden by the thick trees and bushes which grew round it. 'It looks like a school or something.'

That's Woodview Manor,' Mother told her, turning a key slowly in the lock. 'I believe it must still be empty, even after all these years.'

Come on!' Mum continued, speaking more quickly. 'Let's go into our new home.'

She took Alison's hand and led her inside, their footsteps echoing on the bare floorboards.

Everywhere was empty and rather cold and damp. But Alison loved the way the sun bubbled in through the dimpled glass in the windows, the big stone fireplace in the living room and the queer, sloping ceiling she would see when she woke up every morning.

She could see Woodview Manor from the little window too.

A few of the windows seemed to be broken, and there were weeds and creeper trailing everywhere—but it wasn't lonely and forgotten, she was sure. And she could almost hear voices calling—

Alison... See, Alison's home... Alison's home...'

Alison!' It was Mum's voice again. 'Come downstairs and help me unpack, dear! The furniture van will be arriving soon.'

Later on, after the removal men had hauled furniture around, grumbling about the steep stairs, the uneven floors and the narrow doorways at Maydew Cottage, Alison looked out towards Woodview Manor again. Moonlight made it seem different, more magical, and she could see some of the windows winking across at her, as if the house itself was her friend.

Alison gave a deep sigh and snuggled down into bed. It sounded funny, having a house for a friend... She did wish she had someone to talk to, someone who would understand. But having a house was still nice and comforting somehow.

And as she fell asleep, she could hear the voices again.

Alison's home... Alison's home...'

It was quite a few days before Alison found time to visit Woodview Manor. Hundreds of spiders had spun their webs in the thick bushes, their fine threads brushing Alison's face and hands as she pushed her way nearer.

Now she could see that there were bits missing in the brickwork, with showers of rust softly falling down from a broken drain-pipe. It must have been empty for a long time, just as her mother had said. And yet—

Ready! I'm ready, Sally. Bet you can't find me this time.'

Someone was calling quite near to Alison, just behind her it seemed.

'Ssssh, don't give me away,' the voice hissed, closer this time. Sally is always best at hide and seek.

There was a tug at Alison's sleeve and she turned to see a boy, just a little younger than herself, she guessed, with thick brown curly hair and a crinkly smile.

He wiped his hands down the front of his jersey. 'Have you been looking for birds' nests as well?' he asked.

Well, we've only just moved to Molefield. Alison began... just my Mum and me and——'

She stopped, hearing footsteps scuffling towards them. A long pair of arms parted two thick branches, and a girl's face appeared, looking pleased with herself.

Got you!' she cried triumphantly. 'Who said I couldn't find you, Podge?'

* * *

It was my fault for talking too loud,' Alison apologised. 'I didn't mean to spoil your game.'

Podge isn't much good at the game anyway,' laughed Sally, her dark curls dancing in the breeze. 'You're the girl who's come to live at Maydew Cottage, aren't you? What's your name?'

Alison,' said Alison faintly, feeling surprised that Podge and Sally appeared to know something about her already. But, I thought, nobody lived here any more.

Sally laughed again. 'That's silly. We're here, aren't we? Me, Podge, Mother and Daddy. At least, she added, three of us. Daddy's away at the moment.'

Let's play something else,' suggested Podge. 'What about rounders?'

All right, we can go into the back garden,' Sally agreed. 'Come on, Alison.'

Linking arms with Alison, Sally led her around the side of the house, past two enormous french windows. They weren't broken, Alison noticed, and they had long velvet curtains hanging inside.

Podge can bowl first,' announced Sally. 'We've only got one bat, so drop it as soon as you've hit the ball right?'

'Right,'' smiled Alison looking around the big garden in delight She had been right about this place, she told herself Anyone who thought it was bleak and empty had just got the wrong idea It was all a mistake

'Run, Alison, run!' yelled Sally, as Alison hit the ball wildly. ''Don't give Podge a chance to catch you before you get home!

Then Alison was running through the grass laughing happily, with the sun on her face

'Alison's home'' Sally shouted gleefully, a minute or two later ''Hard luck, Podge! Alison's home! Alison s home

Alison stared hard at Sally, her face creasing into a huge smile She had never believed in dreams, coming true before . . .

That night, Alison decided to ask her mother about Woodview Manor

''It used to be owned by some people in the village,'' Mum told her, stitching busily 'They were sort of distant cousins of your daddy s, so I believe, although he never met them.'

Mother paused, and put down her sewing staring thoughtfully into the fire

'Their father went abroad and lost all his money on some business deal I think The family were left alone so they had to move soon afterwards '

' Go on, Mum, ' begged Alison, hugging her knees

There s not much more to tell, It seemed the father had sold the Deeds of the Manor to pay off his debts and that was that '

''And what about the people in the house afterwards?

'Well, she sighed they swore the Manor was haunted

' Haunted? ' repeated Alison huskily

★ ★ ★

That s right It may have been imagination, what with the Manor being so large and noises echoing. But the people said they heard voices in the garden, and in the hall They were sure it sounded like children, but there weren t any children around at all The Manor had been turned into offices by then, you see

And doesn't anyone live there now? It's completely empty? '

Yes. it's been empty for a long long time,' said Mother ''Don't you remember me telling you? '

' Yes, said Alison slowly I remember

She wished she could tell her mother that she d got the wrong idea too, made the same mistake as everyone else

Each time Alison went to Woodview Manor, Podge and Sally were waiting. Sometimes they played games, other times they made a camp in the grounds or just lazed around and talked

★ ★ ★

Once or twice she brought them presents—a notebook for Podge when he went birdwatching, and some hairslides for Sally

We'll have to give you something, too,'' insisted Sally ' Then we can put them in our secret place, by the front gate. Come on, we'll show you!'

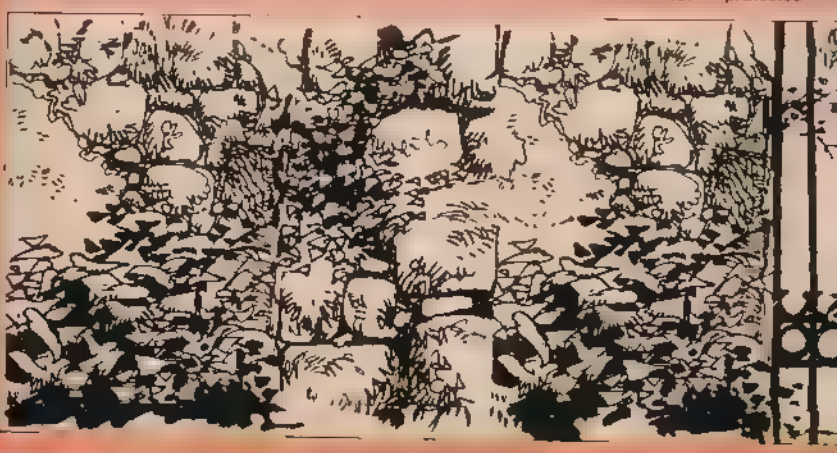
''I found the secret place! ' Podge informed Alison proudly ' One of the paving stones wobbled one day, and it made me fall and hurt my knee

Sally interrupted. ''And then I found there was a bit of space underneath where the stone hadn t been set in the ground properly It was my idea to make it our secret place

Podge pouted and heaved up the stone, so that Sally could slip her hand inside

'We put all our really special things in here,'' she said, groping around. Well, Podge has only got bits of birds eggs conkers and things A load of rubbish really.

No, it s not!'' protested



Podge, nudging Sally indignantly. What about the stamp on that envelope I found? That's worth a lot of money I bet. That's what I'm going to give to Alison!

Oh, no!" he wailed. Sally, you've gone and pushed it right under the next stone, and I can't get it out.

A woman's voice called from inside the house. Podge! Sally! Here a minute!

"Don't worry, Podge," said Alison hastily, seeing his bottom lip quivering. "I'll get the envelope for you and keep it safe till next time."

"Podge, Sally!" the voice called again, more urgently.

"We'll have to go," said Sally, beginning to drag Podge towards the Manor. Be seeing you, Alison.

Lying full stretch on the ground, Alison could see the edge of the envelope, but it was wedged too tightly for her fingers to pull at it.

"This is hopeless," she muttered at last. "I'll have to bring Mum's tweezers tomorrow."

She walked back to Maydew Cottage, feeling strangely troubled.

Woodview Manor didn't look quite so magical from her bedroom either. The windows weren't winking at her in the moonlight, and she could hear someone sobbing in the darkness, the sadness drifting across the countryside towards her.

As soon as it was light, Alison threw back the bedclothes and peered out of the window. Woodview Manor seemed colder, lonelier than ever. She could still picture it as she washed herself at the cold water tap in the bathroom, got dressed and crept downstairs, treading carefully so as not to wake her mother.

Her hands trembled as she took the big tweezers from a drawer in the sewing machine cabinet, and she tried hard to blink back the falling tears.

As soon as I get Podge's envelope, everything will be all right again," she kept whispering, all the way to the Manor. That's what changed everything, made it all so horrid . . ."

She stopped, hearing Podge and Sally talking together.

"Don't cry, Sally," Podge was pleading tearfully.

"You heard what Mummy said," wept Sally. "We've got to go away, leave our home and move somewhere else."

Podge was crying now. Tears splashed down his fat cheeks and made his eyes pink at the edges.

"I'll look after you and Mummy. And we'll come back to Woodview Manor some day."

Alison couldn't bear it.

"You can't go!" she cried out, desperately pushing her way towards them. "Just tell me what I can do to help, that's all!"

But Podge and Sally were walking very slowly into the house with their arms around each other and still crying, not even noticing that Alison was there at all.

She hurried after Sally and Podge through a long, tiled hall, her shoes tip-tapping as she ran. Still Podge and Sally were going away, up a wide curling staircase, still with their arms round each other and crying, till they were out of sight.

Alison brushed away her tears and looked harder. There were great gaps in the stairs and the walls. Giant cobwebs on the ceiling and lumps of plaster covering the tiled floor with a fine powder, grey and undisturbed except for the prints of her own footsteps.

"No!" she screamed out. "No, it isn't true! It's all part of the same mistake, the same horrible mistake."

Alison rushed blindly outside and fell to her knees, clawing frantically at the clumps of weeds spreading over the loose paving stone, the Secret Place that had belonged to her, Podge and Sally.

"Everything's got to be all

right,' she told herself fiercely, hardly feeling her grazed knuckles. ' I promised Podge, everything would be all right '

Podge s envelope was still there, wedged underneath the stone The tweezers shook in her hand, but she gripped tightly and started to tug Her eyes were still blurred and her head ached But she was beginning to feel happier

Podge and Sally could start laughing again, very soon She could hear them calling again In the distance.

' Alison! Alison

Alison? A smooth hand brushed hair back from Alison s forehead and a voice spoke anxiously "Alison, dear, how are you feeling? '

Alison opened her eyes, looking up at the sloping ceiling above her bed

'You were lucky the station master was walking his dog near Woodview Manor, someone else said

The burly face of a big policeman became clearer

And you'll be pleased to know we took those deeds to the local solicitor's office, so that the owners can be contacted How did you know where they were, after so long?

Deeds?" Alison repeated vaguely ' I don t know what you re talking about——

The deeds inside the envelope," the policeman explained patiently 'The deeds everyone thought had been sold years ago to pay business debts

' You remember, Alison, her mother said gently ' I told you about the family who lived at the Manor when we first moved here The children who were your daddy s distant cousins, and who had to go abroad

Alison leant back on her pillows, smiling to herself She had rescued Podge s envelope—the one with his much-prized stamp—out of the Secret Place and now it was safe That was all that mattered Woodview Manor would come alive again she was certain. She fell asleep, happy at last

Next day, Alison's mother burst in through the door waving a slip of paper 'Your Uncle Toby and Aunt Sally are coming back to Molefield!" she cried 'The Post Office have just sent over the telegram to say they ll be arriving late tonight! '

Alison's heart leapt.

' Who s Uncle Toby and Aunt Sally Mum?"

' Those cousins of daddy s the children who once lived at Woodview Manor and who moved away over forty years ago. The deeds you found were proof that their father had still owned the Manor when he made his will and left the house to them. Now they can come home, and once Uncle Toby has settled everything with the lawyers we ll have a big family around us, all at once!

' And we ll never be alone again," Alison sighed happily

How lovely" Then she added: 'But won t they mind about the ghosts? '

'I shouldn't think it would worry them ' Mum answered and she chuckled. After all t was their home, a long time ago, before ghosts were even mentioned! '

' Yes ' agreed Alison Yes, that s true ' And she began looking forward to seeing Uncle Toby and Aunt Sally watching the clock tick the hours away and wondering if time had ever passed quite so slowly

At last a car engine purred to a halt outside Maydew Cottage

It's them' Alison exclaimed in excitement, and flung open the door, sending a pool of yellow light onto the path outside

Uncle Toby strode towards her, a tall, broad-shouldered man with eyes that twinkled brightly and a trim moustache. His face had a few wrinkles, and his dark, curly hair was flecked with grey But his crinkly smile was still the same

' Podge!" Alison breathed She hesitated for one moment, then ran forward, flinging her arms wide

Podge, she whispered again, leaning her head against his tweed jacket, ' I knew you and Sally hadn t gone away not really! '

His bright eyes widened with joy and wonder as he looked closely at Alison s upturned face

Alison ' he cried Alison our friend, is it really you? '

Sally! ' he called out towards the smartly-dressed lady who was just coming up the path "Sally, come and see who s here! You ll never believe it!'

Sally smiled her old familiar smile at Alison

Yes, I would Toby You and I have had to wait, but now we really can go home with Alison

They went indoors together And across the woodland through the thick bushes, the window of Woodview Manor began winking again.

THE END

THE SCHOOL OF NO ESCAPE

ER YES
'S QUITE
ENUINE
BUT
SILENCE ALL OF YOU AND
LISTEN CAREFULLY TO ME
THERE WILL BE MANY CHANGES
MADE HERE AN. THEY WILL
TAKE EFFECT IMMEDIATELY
DALE JUST LOOK
AT HER EYES THEY SEEM
K NDOF UNREAL AS IF
THEY WERE MADE OUT
OF ICE OR SOMETHING
YES AND
THAT ISN'T
ALL
NORMAL LESSONS WILL
BE ABANDONED UNTIL FURTHER
NOTICE NOTICE YOU WILL TAKE
PART IN QUESTION AND ANSWER
SESSIONS SUPERVISED BY
ME PERSONALLY
HAVE YOU NOTICED
HOW THE ROOM'S GONE
SUDDENLY COLD AND
HAPPENED AS SOON AS SHE
WALKED THROUGH
THAT DOOR!
BRRRRR
YES!
Then after assembly
YOU CHILD!
THE ONE WITH THE
CHECKED BOW
COME HERE!
OH!
WHO MEAN, YOU
DALE
OBSERVED YOU
WHISPERING TO YOUR
COMPANION WHILE I
WAS SPEAKING SO YOU
NOTICE SOMETHING
ABOUT ME
DO YOU NOT
DO NOT BE ALARMED CHILD
IS APPARENT TO ME THAT YOU
POSSESS A SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE
AND THAT IS GOOD WE SHALL BE
SEEING QUITE A LOT OF EACH
OTHER IN THE NEAR FUTURE
WHAT IS YOUR NAME
DALE
WHO'S DAL
RYAN
DALE WHAT DID
SHE WANT?
I'M NOT REALLY SURE BUT
SHE WON'T TELL ME OFF OR
ANYTHING SHE JUST GIVE ME
SEEING QUITE A LOT OF EACH
OTHER AND WHEN SHE
TOUCHED ME HER HAND
WAS SO ICE
WELL BEGIN OUR
FIRST QUESTION AND
ANSWER SESSION WITH
AN EASY QUESTION
NAME THE CONTINENT,
AND OCEANS OF
THIS PLANET
DALE

Dale answered the question
THE ATLANTIC AND THE PACIFIC
VERY GOOD DALE AND NOW WE WILL PROCEED WITH ANOTHER QUESTION WHAT ARE THE NAMES OF THE LEADERS OF THE PRINCIPAL NATIONS ON THIS PLANET?
But later
MISS WYATT HOW DARE YOU BURST INTO THE CLASSROOM WHEN AM CONDUCTING ONE OF MY QUESTION AND ANSWER SESSIONS
THAT'S WHAT I'VE COME ABOUT HEADMISTRESS! MY OWN FORM HAVE JUST TOLD ME ABOUT THE ABSURD GAME YOU SUBJECTED THEM TO
I MEAN TO SAY WHAT'S THE POINT OF ASKING SIXTH FORM GIRLS QUESTIONS LIKE "GIVE ME THE TYPICAL DAILY DIET OF AN INHABITANT OF THIS COUNTRY" AND "IS IT TRUE THAT SMALL CHILDREN OF THIS PLANET BELIEVE IN CREATURES CALLED FAIRIES?"
WHAT IS WRONG WITH SUCH QUESTIONS? THEY ARE ALL INSTRUCTIVE! CAN SEE THAT YOU ARE OPPOSED TO MY METHODS MISS WYATT
WILL NOT STAND FOR ANY OPPOSITION! IF YOU DO NOT APPROVE OF THE WAY RUN THIS SCHOOL IT WILL BE NECESSARY FOR YOU TO LEAVE
That night, in the fourth form dorm
FAIRY WHAT'S WHAT'S UP
HEARD THE FRONT DOOR SLAM AND LOOKED OUT THE WINDOW TO SEE OH DALE COME AND OOK
WHY, IT'S MISS WYATT WALKING OUT IN THE MOONLIGHT IN HER NIGHTY AND HOUSECOAT
AND SHE'S WALKING INTO HANGMAN'S COPSE JUST LIKE MISS [illegible] DID!

"You will not disobey—
not ever!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

FUN WITH WENDY
WENDY the WITCH
GRAND CIRCUS
ENTRANCE
GOOD SHOT, SIR!
GALLOP!
HA HA THIS IS SUPER FUN HEE HEE
SUDDENLY
BLAST OF ICY WATER
SPLOOSH!
AARGH! WHO DID THAT?
I DID, LITTLE GIRL! NOW PUSH OFF WE WON'T NEED NO MORE DWARFS ROUND HERE HUR HUR
GRRR ROTTEN BULLY I'LL MAKE YOU PAY FOR SOAKING ME!
HAR HAR WHAT CAN A LITTLE SQUIRT LIKE YOU DO TO ME? HAR HAR!
HUH I'LL SHOW YOU
TIME THAT FIRE EATER WENT FOR A LITTLE TRIP
VEEEARGH!
ESSH!
TRIP!
HELP! HELP! I'M ON FIRE! WAAH!
TEE HEE
WENDY TO THE RESCUE WE AIN'T HAVE A FIRE IN THE CIRCUS
ZAP!
OOH! AAH!
THERE FIRE'S OUT HEE HEE
AND SO
WE DONE WENDY HERE'S A FREE SET FOR THE SHOW
COR THANKS M SURE Y'LL BE MOST STUPP!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

THE SCHOOL OF NO ESCAPE

THIS MISS VOOR'S INSTRUCTIONS THAT EVERY CLASS MUST HAVE A TEACHER'S AID. THAT'S PART OF HER NEW METHOD
OH VERY WELL. THIS IS MOST UNUSUAL BUT I SUPPOSE MUST ACCEPT IT. PLEASE SIT DOWN.
WHEN CLASS IN THE 18 FIFTEENTH CENTURY GEORGE THE YES WHAT IS IT?
WISH TO INTERRUPT WOULD LIKE TO KNOW THE NAME OF THE GIRL WHO IS BEST AT KNITTING
WHAT A STUPID THING TO ASK IN THE MIDDLE OF A HISTORY LESSON
HI MARY RALLIS BUT REALLY FAIL TO SEE
THANK YOU PLEASE CARRY ON
SHE'S NOTICED IT DOWN HERE DOES SHE HAVE A LIVER THAT FLIP
A LITTLE LATER
WILL EVERY ONE PLEASE STAND UP WHILE I TO SEE WHO STOLE TAILES GIRL IN THE CLASS
OH THIS IS HE ABSOLUTE LIMIT THAT'S THE FOURTH TIME YOU'VE DISRUPTED THIS CLASS AND
THAT WILL BE ENOUGH MISS FLOWERS
THE TEACHER'S AIDS HAVE BEEN APPOINTED BY ME YOU WILL HELP THEM IN EVERY WAY OR IT WILL BE NECESSARY FOR YOU LEAVE
YES MISS VOOR
MISS VOOR WEARS SHE'S DISAPPEAR [illegible] AND WISH A
AT BREAK DALE RAGAN IN HER [illegible] FAILING DARNING ANEW
HEY RYAN JANE WITH ME IS GOT SCARE SHOES WANT YOU T [illegible] AN
THE CHEEK YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TAKE THAT FROM HER ARE YOU
DARE HER A FAVOUR DAPHNE
YOU'VE DONE SUCH A [illegible] ON THOSE SHOES RYAN THAT YOU CAN CLEAN MY HOCKEY BOOTS FOR ME IN MY LOCKER IN THE GYM GO AND GET THEM
YES AGNES
KNOW WHERE I'D LIKE TO RUB THIS BOOT POLISH ON YOUR FACE
AS DALE ENTERED THE GYM
YES MISS VOOR WITH ONE OF THOSE TEACHER'S AIDS
ANY HELP I SEVERE [illegible] THIS A [illegible] WAS [illegible] AND
[illegible] HAVE NOW BEEN REMOVED FROM THE LOCKERS MISS VOOR
GOOD! THE GIRLS WILL BE ABLE TO WEAR THE RUBBER SOLES AND WE WILL BE ABLE TO OBSERVE WHO IS THE BEST ALL-ROUND HOCKEY PLAYER WHEN WE HAVE A MATCH. YOU KNOW THE PROCEDURE
OH THAT'S WHY WE WERE SEEN TO BE WATCHED BY THESE [illegible] AND BOOED AT WHEN WE [illegible] AND WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE END WE
LATER
LOOK AT THIS MUD! WE'LL SLIDE ALL OVER THE PLACE
OOH I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THE PRACTICAL JOKER WHO PINCHED OUR BOOTS
THEY'LL NEVER BELIEVE ME IF I TELL THEM DALE RALLIS YOUR BEST EVEN THOUGH ANYONE WHO KNOWS IT KNOWS IT'S TRUE AND SOMEONE HAS GOT TO STOP HER! SHE'S THE BEST PLAYER!

"She – she's not even a teacher!"

GOSH IT'S EXCITING ISN'T IT DALE
THIS IS THE GAME DAPHNE MISS VOOR'S UP TO NO GOOD WE'VE GOT TO FIND THAT GOLDEN GUINEA AND GET RID OF IT NOW THINK WHAT CAN THE RIDDLE MEAN
GIVE UP! RIDING MEANS IT COULD BE A HORSE MAYBE A BLACK HORSE
AH A MINUTE DAPHNE I'VE GOT IT THE GUINEA'S HIDDEN IN THE SCHOOL LIBRARY NOW THEN WE CAN GIVE EVA THE SLIP AND
HERE IT IS BLACK BEAUTY YOU SEE THE RIDDLE AND WHAT EANES THAT IN ANS PAGES AND BOUND MADE ME THINK OF A BOOK!
I GET IT AND HOW MANY BLACK HORSES HAVE BOOKS WRITTEN ABOUT THEM SO NOW ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS GET RID OF THE GIRL
YES BUT THEY LIBRARY'S GIVEN ME ANOTHER IDEA THE LIBRARY IN TOWN THEY'RE SURE TO HAVE A DIRECTORY OF TEACHERS THERE I MIGHT TELL US SOMETHING ABOUT MISS VOOR
YES SOMETHING THAT COULD GIVE US A CLUE TO WHAT'S HAPPENED TO EMILY WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR LET'S GO!
As the girls climbed the school wall
HEY LOOK YOUR SHADOW'S FOUND US AGAIN!
WE'VE GOT TOO FAR TO GO BACK NOW WE'LL HAVE TO PRETEND WE DIDN'T SEE HER COME ON QUICK
In the town library
SHH THE TEACHER'S REGISTER EVERY TEACHER IN THE COUNTRY IS STORED HERE
HURRY UP DAPHNE IT'S SEE WHAT IT SAYS ABOUT OUR STRANGE HEADMISTRESS
DALE MISS VOOR ISN'T HERE SHE ISN'T A TEACHER AT ALL
THIS PROVES SOMETHING VERY ODD IS GOING ON AT SAINT INSPIRE'S MISS MUST REALLY BE IN TROUBLE THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO NOW DAPHNE WE'VE GOT TO GO TO THE POLICE
But on the way
HELLO DALE WHERE ARE YOU GOING
MISS VOOR
YOU KNEW THE TURN WAS OUT OF BOUNDS DIDN'T YOU DALE?
EVA I'LL NEVER GET TO THE POLICE NOW WE'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING QUICK WHETHER SHE MISS VOOR WILL REALISE WHAT WE'RE BEFORE YOU
Suddenly Dale saw a sign across the street
WE CAME INTO TOWN BECAUSE OF THE TEXT YOU GAVE US MISS VOOR WE THOUGHT THE RIDDLE MEANT THE BLACK HORSE THAN OVER THERE
The BLACK HORSE PUB
IT DOES NOT ANY INTELLIGENT PERSON WOULD HAVE REALISED THE RIDDLE HAD NOTHING AT ALL TO DO WITH AN INN GET IN THE CAR YOU STUPID GIRLS

SHE DIDN'T PUNCH US! THAT FIB OF YOURS REALLY FOOLED HER DALE
YES, BUT WE'RE TRAPPED! TW DAPHNE. HOW LONG CAN WE K ON F ING THIS EVIL ALWAYS PLANS ON OUR OWN AN HOW CAN WE SAVE EVELY ONE?
DALE RYAN!
I'VE LEFT SOME THINGS ON MY BED THAT NEED DARNING RYAN, DO THEM RIGHT AWAY OR I'LL TELL MISS VOOR ABOUT YOU CLIMBING DOWN THAT VENTILATOR SHAFT IN THE DORM
ALRIGHT AGNES I'LL DO WHAT YOU WA T
AGNES DOESN'T KNOW THAT THE SMART LEADS TO MISS VOOR'S STUDY AND CAN'T RISK HER OR ANYONE ELSE FINDING OUT
I'M GOING TO USE THAT VENTILATOR SHAFT AGAIN THERE COULD BE SOMETHING IN MISS VOOR'S STUDY THAT WILL HELP US.
LOOK, DALE EVA'S FOLLOWING US AGAIN WE'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF HER F RST
HERE SHE COMES GET READY!
OKAY NOW
RIGHT IN THE CUPBOARD WITH HER!
SHE WON'T GET OUT OF THERE IN A HURRY WE CAN MAKE SOME EXCUSE AFTER
HURRY BEFORE ANYONE COMES!
LUCKY MISS VOOR'S STUDY IS EMPTY
YOU SEARCH THE SHE VES I'LL HAVE A LOOK THROUGH TH DESK WE MUSN'T WASTE ANY TIME
"THERE'S NOTHING ON THE SHELVES, DALE VE BEEN RIGHT THROUGH THEM
WAIT A MINUTE THIS DRAWER IT'S GOT A FALSE BOTTOM! LOOK!
IT'S A BOX AND IT'S GOT A BIG 'V' ENGRAVED ON T WHY WOULD MISS VOOR HIDE T LIKE THIS UNLESS
UNLESS THIS BOX HOLDS THE ANSWER TO THE MYSTERY
CONTINUED ON PAGE 35

TERROR...
ON A
DAY
TRIP!

AMANDA had never wanted to go on the school trip to the castle. Her friends, Gina and Kelly, had tried to find out why, but she wouldn't tell them.

"Better than sitting in school with boring old lessons, isn't it?" said Kelly. "And that dishy Mr Peters is going to be in charge. It's not as if we'll be herded around by some old dragon like Mrs. Peebles.

Aw, come on," pleaded Gina. "You haven't given us one good reason why you won't come with us.'

No, thought Amanda, I haven't. And the reason for that is that I don't really have a reason. I just have a feeling about it, and you can't expect other people to understand feelings.

It's very likely that Amanda never would have gone on that outing, but Gina went to see Amanda's mum about it.

And Amanda's mother, when she heard how educational the trip was to be, insisted that Amanda went along with the others.

"Don't be silly, you'll have a lovely time," she said. "It's time you went out somewhere. I can afford your fare, so if that's what's bothering you, forget it."

With everyone around her insisting that she should go, Amanda gave in. But she still felt uneasy every time the trip was mentioned.

The week before the trip, Mr Peters sprained his ankle. This was announced at morning assembly, and a murmer rippled across the school hall at once.

Someone else would have to take charge of the outing!

'Mrs. Peebles has kindly agreed to step in at the last moment," said the Head, from the rostrum.

Everyone concealed a groan. The outing would be a very different affair with Mrs. Peebles in charge' There would be no unscheduled stops for ice-cream, no falling out of step in the crocodile she insisted everyone formed, and no singing on the bus. Mrs. Peebles had been in charge of school trips before, and she knew only too well how to terrify everyone so that she had an easy time of it. Oh, if only Mr. Peters hadn't sprained his ankle'

But in the whole of that school hall there was one person who found herself suddenly pleased at the news. Amanda was delighted. All of a sudden, she was looking forward to the trip as she never had before.

★ ★ ★

Her heart leaped as she allowed herself, for the first time, to think about the rolling Welsh countryside through which they would pass to reach the castle. She had been to it once before, when very small, and as she was city-born she had been more impressed by the fields full of cows and sheep than she was by the grandeur of the castle.

★ ★ ★

Her father had tried to make her laugh by lifting her up and talking to the shining suits of armour which were standing around, but she had cried until they took her out again and let her play in the meadows beyond the castle moat.

But why, thought Amanda, should I not mind going out with that old battleaxe, Mrs. Peebles, when I dreaded going on the same trip with Mr. Peters?

There was no answer to that question in her mind. At last Amanda now knew was that it had been Mr Peters' presence she had been wary of, not the trip itself.

But Mr Peters was dishy, as Kelly said. He was only twenty-two, just out of college, and handsome and athletic with it, just as a sports master should be.

★ ★ ★

The morning of the outing dawned. Kelly called for Amanda at eight-thirty, for they had to be at the school by a quarter to nine. Amanda was ready, and was just putting her packed lunch into a carrier bag.

'Have a lovely time, dear," said her mother. "Don't forget to bring me back a postcard of the castle. It's such a long time since we all went there.

Kelly and Amanda reached the school just as Gina arrived from the opposite direction. The coach was just pulling up, and already a crowd of other people from their class were jumping around on the pavement, trying to judge exactly where the door would be when the coach stopped, so that they might be first on.

"The boys want the back seat," said Gina. "They're welcome to it. I always get sick on the back seat. I promised I'd sit with Kathy Prior in case she s sick so you two can sit together if you want.'

"OK," said Kelly and Amanda together. It was always difficult knowing who to sit with on buses when three of you were all good friends.

★ ★ ★

They waited until the first scramble for seats was over before trying to get on the bus. Choosing seats halfway down, Amanda and Kelly tossed a coin for who was going to sit next to the window. Amanda won.

"You can sit there on the way back," she said.

"Aw," said Kelly. "It'll be dark then. I won't see anything."

"No it won't." said Gina. "It doesn't get dark in June until ever so late. And it's Midsummer Day today. Hey, wouldn't you like to be going to Stonehenge instead of this castle? I was reading in a book how the Druids all dress up in white robes and hold rituals on Midsummer night, at Stonehenge. I bet it's pretty scary."

"Oooh!" giggled Kelly. "Ghosts and things ..there might be some at the castle. Spooky!

"Look, shut up"' said Amanda, fiercely. "What a load of rot you two talk sometimes.

"All right, keep your hair on, said Kelly. "We were only having a laugh. Here, I'm hungry. What sort of sandwiches have you brought?"'

Cheese and pickle," said Gina. "And salami and watercress."

Peanut butter," said Amanda. And I've got some sausage rolls and cake too. And an orange."

I've got corned beef," said Kelly. "And three apple pies. Mum knows I share out with you two so she does packed lunches in triplicate.

"Good," said Gina. "Lots of variety. Hey, isn't that Mr Peters coming towards the bus.

Amanda had been on the

point of making a joke, but she instantly forgot it. Instead she froze in horror

Mr Peters got into the bus and faced everyone

"Are you better, sir?" shouted someone at the back

'Much," Mr. Peters grinned. "Couldn't miss this outing, could I? And after a few days in bed my ankle is as good as new Of course, in the meantime it hasn't had Chambers kicking it at every opportunity on the soccer pitch, has it?"

Chambers, a tall boy well known for his aggression on the games field, roared with laughter as his mates thumped him on the back

Well, if we're all here, we might as well be going," said Mr Peters. "I'll just count heads and read the register, and we'll be on our way.

"Let me out," whispered Amanda to Kelly. "Let me get off."

Do you want to go to the loo?" asked Kelly. "Left it a bit late, haven't you?"

"No—I'm not going"' hissed Amanda "Not if, " her voice died away. "Just let me off

Don't be silly," said Kelly It's too late, anyway. We're just moving off"'

★ ★ ★

It was true. The bus was pulling away from the pavement.

Oh well, I'd better start pulling myself together, thought Amanda. I can just imagine the fuss if I try to get them to let me off now. All sorts of questions, and in front of everyone too. I'm just being silly—Kelly's right. I must be cracking up.

Free from the threat of Mrs. Peebles in charge, everyone relaxed and a holiday mood filled the coach. No one except Amanda seemed to have any misgivings about the visit to the castle. Chocolate was passed around and cans of soft drinks, and everyone on the back seat waved to people in the cars behind.

★ ★ ★

They stopped to eat their packed lunch beside the road, near a café in which they bought cups of tea to wash it all down afterwards. Amanda, sitting with the others in the warm sunshine, began to relax.

They reached the castle at around two o'clock and even then no fears returned to spoil Amanda's day. At that hour it seemed so harmless.

"It's hard to imagine the horrible things that went on here, isn't it?" said Gina to Kelly. "People being locked up and tortured, and starved, and chained to the walls, with rats running over them and only straw to lie on.

"Ooh yes," shuddered Kelly "You wouldn't get out of here in a hurry if you were imprisoned. Look at those tiny windows, so high up."

Amanda felt her fear coming back

'Look, I've only just started to feel better," she said. "Can't you think of something else to talk about? I bet they had some really great parties here, all the noblemen and that. And people coming from miles around to eat suckling pig and lark pies and all that sort of thing

Must have been pretty cold getting dressed up for the parties," said Gina. "Do you think they all wore long coats?

Giggling, they followed everyone else into the castle. As they did so, and passed from the brilliant sunlight into the chilly shadows inside, Amanda felt a wave of panic engulf her again.

I've got to stop this, she told herself. I'm being really stupid.

But in telling herself this, she failed to notice the postcard stall at the entrance. And it wasn't until she was halfway up the spiral staircase which led to the top of the castle tower, that she noticed the postcards in Gina's hand

"Where did you get those?" she asked. They were standing in a room full of ancient weapons, which led off the staircase

At the front door," said Gina, surprised. "Didn't you hear Mr. Peters say we should get our cards then, as we wouldn t have another chance?"

'No I missed that said Amanda. "Look, do you think you'll be staying here for a few minutes? I want to nip back and get one for Mum. I promised her one

Hurry up then," said Gina. "Kelly and me will stay as long as we can. Sure you can find

your way back?

'Course she can,' said Kelly ' The staircase doesn't lead anywhere else but the ground floor. Downwards, anyway Do you want me to come with you, Mandy?

No, I'll be all right, and if two of us go we might be mussed," said Amanda. "I'll be as quick as I can."

She slipped out of the room when Mr Peters back was turned, and sped down the staircase Round and round she went, until she felt quite dizzy Funny, she thought, it didn't seem this far coming up.

But then, she had been with the others, and climbing slowly, so that she hadn't the chance to get dizzy

Suddenly she heard footsteps on the steps beneath her, getting nearer and nearer all the time Someone was coming up'

Good, she thought, at least this means that I haven't passed the ground floor yet I'm not on my way to the dungeons.

★ ★ ★

Then she chided herself. Don't be silly, she said for the umpteenth time to herself that day. Kelly told you that the staircase only started at the ground floor. Did you think you were on your way to the dungeons?

She started to chuckle, to reassure herself, but the chuckle died in her throat. For an unearthly glow had crept up on the staircase, though where it came from she couldn t tell

And in this light she could make out a shadow on the wall below her, as the footsteps got nearer and nearer. A moving shadow

The shadow of a knight in armour, a plume bobbing in his helmet and a vicious weapon raised threateningly in his fist '

Amanda froze, all the fear she had felt earlier in the day returning in full strength to petrify her Yet somehow she managed to step to the back of the staircase, to the clammy safety of the wall at her back Without taking her eyes off the shadow, her fingers reached behind and she clutched at the wall to stop herself from falling over in terror, for her knees were as jelly

★ ★ ★

A stone gave way under her hand and she fell backwards into a great darkness. When her eyes became accustomed to the gloom she realised she was in a dim corridor, with a door at the end. Looking back in the direction in which she had come, she realised that she had, in fact, touched the spring of a hidden door in the wall, and that the door was now swinging back to close itself once more

She had no intention of returning that way, of facing that strange knight on the staircase Instead, she crept along the musty corridor to the door at the far end

It was made of wood, and although not new, was ordinary enough to steady Amanda's shattered nerves. The handle was just like the one her dad had bought in Woolworth's for the garden shed. Thinking of this helped her to pluck up the courage to open it

★ ★ ★

The room beyond was bathed in light and Amanda blinked in surprise at it. Around the walls hung many large portraits of noblemen, and in front of them stood huge, shining suits of armour

Amanda stopped to look at one and a flood of memories from the past filled her mind Suddenly it was if she was a child again, and her father was lifting her up to talk to the knight in [redacted]

"Say hello to the tin man' came her father's voice into her mind. "Kiss his shiny mouth"'

'No, no!" screamed Amanda. "No, Daddy, no!"

How well she remembered it all now! Her mother, trying to make her father stop teasing her. Amanda herself, as a small child, frightened sick by the suit of armour because she thought that's what happened to people when they died. She thought it was a dead person standing there, and she didn't want to kiss a dead person.

And the face behind the shining person had laughed at her, so that apart from her mother, whom she couldn t see, Amanda didn't have anyone on her side.

But what face had she seen ' The real-life, thirteen-year-old Amanda tried to remember And as she wondered, she realised that she was looking straight at it.

There was a painting on the wall behind the suit of armour A painting of a nobleman with a shock of brown hair and a smile that twisted upwards at the [redacted]

Where have I seen that face before? thought Amanda. Those brown eyes, that smile. '

Mr Peters'

★ ★ ★

It was the same face—the same smile. Amanda realised, in a flood of panic, that subconsciously she had remembered the face in the painting and linked it to Mr. Peters. That s why she had been so afraid of coming here with him.

She backed away, horrified What's happening to me? she thought. Am I really mad?

Why had this happened to her? How had that knight moved, in shadow, against the

wall? And why was she here, alone, in this room?

She turned, in horror, as a door at the far end squeaked. It was opening.

This time, the horror was so great that Amanda could not move at all, even backwards. And then a familiar voice brought her back to normality

'She's just gone for a postcard, Mr Peters, honestly. And I said I'd wait for her!"

★ ★ ★

I'll send one of the boys back to look for her," replied Mr. Peters, leading Gina into the room. All the others were following him. "If we start waiting around for her we'll all get split up. We must stay together, and Amanda's been very naughty—

He broke off as everyone realised that Amanda was standing in front of them

"There you are!' said Kelly, running forward. How did you get here? We've been all o[redacted] the castle and walked miles'

Amanda was about to answer, but one of the boys had seen the picture on the wall behind her.

'Hey sir, are you a lord?" he asked, pointing to the portrait. "Look at this, it's the spitting image of you!

★ ★ ★

In the commotion that followed, Amanda was forgotten. Mr Peters was so amazed at the likeness to himself that he completely forgot to chide Amanda.

"Never mind about the postcard," said Gina, as they walked out into the sunlight again. "you can have one of these to give your mum. Oh look, there's one here with the painting that looks like Mr Peters. Do you want that one?"

"No thanks," shuddered Amanda. "I'll have that nice one of the flower gardens in front of the castle."

✱✱✱

On the coach on the way home, Amanda was very quiet. She didn't understand what had happened at all

But then, that was life, wasn't it? You watched television, but didn't worry that you didn't know how it worked. And perhaps strange things happened, just by chance, and coincidence.

All she knew was that she wasn't afraid any more. Which was, she thought to herself, a very good thing

●

Miss T
HOUSEWORK'S TIRING. I'LL TAKE A BREAK FOR A CUPPA
tea bag
MUM
BOO!
MUM
EEK! A GHOST IN MY KITCHEN!
BEAT IT PAL I RUN A CLEAN HOUSE - NO GHOSTS OR GOBLINS!
HEY! Y-YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SCARED OF ME.
HUH! I HAVE A CAT WHO SCARES ME MORE THAN YOU DO
CHEEK!
LEARN TO DANCE
BONKERS!
BEGONE! OR I'LL TURN YOU INTO A TURNIP
MERCY! PLEASE DON'T THROW ME OUT
I'M A FAILURE AS A GHOST
I'LL BE EXPELLED FROM THE PHANTOM LEAGUE. SNIFF
I'LL NEVER BE GIVEN ANOTHER HAUNT. BOO-HOO!
OH FROGSLEGS! DON'T CRY. WE'LL THINK OF SOMETHING
YOUR TEA MADAM
I LET HIM IN TO DO THE HOUSEWORK. HE SCARES ME TOO — BROKE ONE OF MY BEST CUPS!
?!
JC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

THE SCHOOL OF NO ESCAPE

SEARCH MEGAT HE MISS YOOR!
VERY WE HE BIL 'RT THE WEST CLASSROOM CARRY ON MISS P ORERS
YOORE ANG EVA DION NOTILY HOW ALL I'VE GOT TOO IS GET THY RT OUT KNER EAL HAT UNG BE EAST
SO PNA GOT A KEY BACK WHO'S HAS CART EVA S BAL ROUND FOR AN HOUR BEFORE GOT HE CHANCE DID YOU POST HE LET ED TO MY FATHER?
YES NO TROUBLE AT ALL
HE'S KEAN A WORD HE IN EAR
'I was dipsey the dorm prefect who had been blackmailing Dele about entering the girls' toilet block
YOU HAD PHAT H NG MISS YOOR WAS LOOKING FOR SAN YOU WAS A HEY WASN'T TT
OH NO SHE MUST VE LEEN ME DROP T N EVA BAG
DO YOU WANT ME TO KEEP QUIET ABOU THE KEA YOO? HE BEEN PRETTY OL ATE Y THINK TAKE MESL BLANKETS OFF YOUR BED AND IN THE MORNING WE HAVE A TALK ABOUT YOUR POCKET MONEY
SHE'S GOT ME RON WHERE SHE WANTS ME AND SHE KNOW T
AND DON T YOU GO GIVING HER ANY OF YOUR BLANK DAPHNE T S NIGHT WE HAVEN'T RYAN KNO S BOYS
DON'T WORRY DAPHNE L STICK T OUT TONIGHT WE T HO A NAS TOPE A HAT NASTY PIECE OF WORK TOMORROW
T T S SO COLD CAN'T SLEEP MUST VE BEEN ASLEEP FOR AGES
OH WHAT HE PE
MISS YOOR WAN T TO SEE YOU QUICKLY
T T ONE OF THE TEACHER AIDS WHAT AN W T YOOR BANT WITH ME
DALE WE FOUND HIS BTTER ADDRESSED TO YOU IN A HER OL BOX IN SCHOOL GROUNDS ALL LET ER MUS BE JEAN BE WE ARE YOU ANYTHING T AT BEFORE SPEAK

"Look– a hidden door!"
SHE KNOWS THAT DAPHNE AND BILL BE DONE FOR.
WELL DALE LET'S SEE WHAT INTERESTING THINGS YOU HAVE WRITTEN
THERE'S NOTHING CAN DO TO STOP HER NOW.
WHAT IS THIS.
WOW THEY'RE SPRINKLERS! SOMEONE TURNED THEM ON
TEACH AS AN TURN THEM OFF FIND THE PERSON WHO DID THIS AND BRING HER TO ME IMMEDIATE
THE LETTER'S GETTING SOAKED.
CANNOT READ THIS HOW VERY FORTUNATE FOR YOU DALE
BUT MISS VOOR THE LETTER WAS JUST I WISH MY FATHER HAPPY BIRTHDAY
IF HOPE HE BELIEVES ME
VERY WELL I SHALL HAVE TO ACCEPT YOUR EXPLANATION RETURN TO YOUR DORMITORY
PHEW THAT WAS CLOSE IF THOSE SPRINKLERS HADN'T COME ON WHEN THEY DID WONDER WHO MY SECRET HELPER WAS?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE
WE WERE TAKEN DOWN TO MISS VOOR'S OFFICE TURNED THE SPRINKLERS ON STOP MISS VOOR READING THE LETTER
AND I WONDERED THOUGH NOW THE LETTERS HAVE BEEN FOUND WE'LL NEVER GET THEM FROM OUTSIDE BUT AT LEAST WE CAN STOP THE KEY MISS VOOR SECRET SOMETHING IN MISS VOOR'S SECRET ROOM WHICH HELPS US SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF ST JUNIPER'S!
YES BUT RIGHT NOW WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE DORM
DALE RYAN MAY KNOW TOO MUCH YOU MUST WATCH HER MORE CLOSELY EVA THE ELECTRONIC DEVICE INSIDE THIS FOUNTAIN PEN EMITS A SIGNAL THIS SECOND PEN WILL ENABLE YOU TO PICK UP THAT SIGNAL AND FOLLOW RYAN'S EVERY MOVEMENT
MISS VOOR WILL ARRANGE

WE'RE IN AN OLD CLASSROOM ONE THAT HASN'T BEEN USED FOR AN AND YEARS
IT'S DARK ALL THE WINDOWS HAVE BEEN BLACKED OUT COME ON LET'S LOOK ROUND
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS PLACE THAT REALLY GIVES ME THE CREEPS
DALE LOOK HERE'S SOME KIND OF SCREEN
THERE ARE CONTROLS FOR DORMITORIES AND AREAS THIS MUST BE ONE OF THOSE CLOSED CIRCUIT TELE SIGHT
DORM
AND MISS VOOR COULD WATCH THE WHOLE SCHOOL THIS MUST BE PART OF HER PLAN TO SELECT THE BEST GIRLS AS SUPERVISORS FOR SOME SINISTER PURPOSE SWITCH ON DAPHNE
WE'RE GETTING A PICTURE IT'S HANGMAN'S COPSE AND LOOK THERE'S AGNES
SHE MUST BE TAKING A SHORT CUT INTO TOWN BUT MISS VOOR'S MADE HANGMAN'S COPSE OUT OF BOUNDS AND AGNES'S BOUND TO BE CAUGHT WITH EVA FOR DOING HER
THERE'S EVA NOW OH GOSH SHE'S WITH MISS VOOR
WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO TO AGNES?
MISS VOOR'S GOT NO HER HAND ON HER IT'S AS IF AGNES IS
THE PICTURE'S GONE BLACK CAN'T SEE ANY MORE
OH NO! IS AGNES GOING TO DISAPPEAR NOW LIKE EMILY AND THE OTHERS?
IF ONLY SHE HADN'T TAKEN THAT PEN
DALE I DON'T LIKE THIS I'M FRIGHTENED LET'S GET OUT OF HERE PLEASE
WE CAN'T NOT NOW LOOK
CONTINUED ON PAGE 44
WHO'S ARTHUR THEY?

WENDY MEETS HER MATCH !
WENDY the WITCH
GOOD NEWS, WENDY— YOUR COUSIN LILLY IS COMING THIS AFTERNOON!
OH CRIKEY SHE'S A MENACE!
AND YOU'D BETTER BEHAVE YOURSELF!
GULP! ME? WHAT ABOUT HER?
JAB!
LATER
HI, WENDY! REMEMBER ME?
I'M TRYING HARD TO FORGET.
WHY DON'T YOU BOTH PLAY OUTSIDE WHILE I MAKE SOME TEA?
THAT'S A SUPER IDEA
A FEW MINUTES LATER
I'LL CONJURE UP RACQUETS AND WE'LL PLAY SOME TENNIS!
CHING!
YOU CAN'T PLAY TENNIS WHEN IT'S RAINING
DON'T BE SILLY THERE ISN'T A CLOUD IN THE SKIES!
SWOOSH
DRENCH!
ZAP!
SOAK IT TO ME, BABY! HEE HEE HEE!
SO SHE THINKS SHE CAN MAKE A DRIP OUT OF ME I'LL TEACH HER!
TEA'S READY GIRLS!
ZAP!
SNOW GOOD RUNNING AWAY, LILLY!
THAT'S WHAT SHE THINKS
URK!
TEE HEE
CRUMBS IT'S MUM 'VE COME [illegible] NOW ALRIGHT!
INSIDE WENDY—AND PREPARE YOURSELF FOR MY MAGIC SLIPPER!
AW, MUM— IT WAS ONLY A JOKE
MUM'S TROUBLE SHE'S GOT NO SENSE OF HUMOUR SOMETIMES YOU JUST CAN'T WIN. EH READERS?
THROB! THROB!

...TEST YOUR SIXTH SENSE

HAVE you ever thought about something in particular, and then been surprised to learn that someone else was thinking of exactly the same thing at the same time? Or perhaps you've thought of someone you hadn't seen for a while, and the next thing you know, there's a surprise visit or telephone call from that person?

Don't think that this type of strange coincidence is all that unusual: it happens far more often than most of us realise. Scientists refer to it as E S P which stands for extra-sensory perception. That means something which is felt without using any of the known five senses of touch, sight, hearing, smell and taste.

There are many forms of E S P. Perhaps you may have seen Uri Geller on TV claiming to bend forks and set wristwatches in motion just by concentration. Or you may have felt you were going to fall a few seconds before you actually took a tumble.

Reading someone's thoughts is the most widely accepted form of E S P and this is called telepathy. It's rather like a person's brain being able to act the same as a radio, which can pick up messages on other people's wavelengths.

Some of us have this gift more than others, but you can imagine how difficult it would be to prove this when the sixth sense cannot even be properly explained. So an American professor, Dr J B Rhine tried to come up with a solution. He designed a set of 25 cards to test a person's telepathy, or thought power.

These cards are known as Zener cards, and when the American space ship Apollo 11 landed on the Moon, some crew members used them in experiments with over two thousand people on Earth to try and discover if it were possible to relay their thoughts through space. The results were quite startling.

Now YOU can use the same cards to find out how strong your sixth sense is! Here's what to do.....

Using our illustrations as a guide, cut out 25 pieces of card, all the same size, shape and colour. (You could use the insides and backs of some old birthday and Christmas cards for this.) Then copy each of the five symbols five times, so that you use up each of the 25 pieces of card. This is your Zener pack.

Next, you will need the help of a friend or relation. Find somewhere quiet where you can both concentrate and with enough space to sit well apart from each other—either end of a long table will do—so that there is no danger of you seeing the cards accidentally.

Then your friend shuffles the Zener pack thoroughly and begins slowly laying the cards down one by one, concentrating hard on the shape drawn on each one. And as each card is laid down, you must also concentrate and call out the shape which you think is on the card, until all 25 cards have been put on the table.

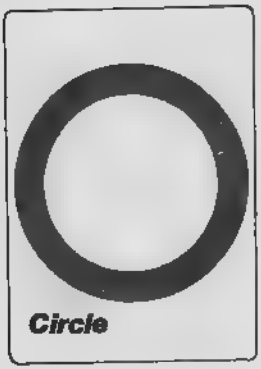
It's best if your partner in the Zener experiment says nothing until the last card has been put down. That way, you don't get any sort of clue or tip-off about what the shape on the next card is likely to be.

Each time you guess a card correctly, she puts this to one side and counts up the number of right guesses at the end. The average score is 2-4, but anything above 5 is a sign that you are able to receive thought messages, especially if the experiment is repeated with the same success rate and with a different partner.

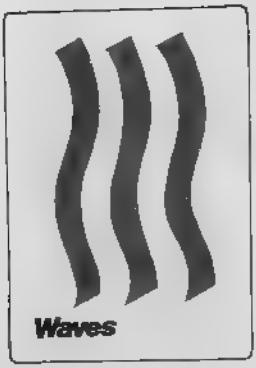
Don't forget to see how well you can do concentrating on the shapes in the Zener pack for your friends and relations to try and guess too. Usually a good receiver of thought messages makes a good sender!

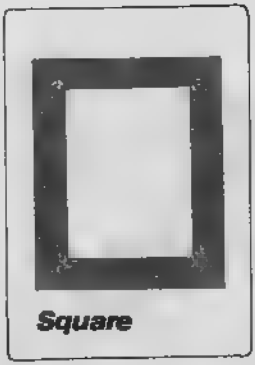
Of course there is nothing to stop you making your own experiments with objects of different colours and shapes for each other to guess. Besides being very interesting, telepathy and E S P experiments are often full of surprises and always fun to try!

SIXTH SENSE



SYMBOLS FOR ZENER CARDS...

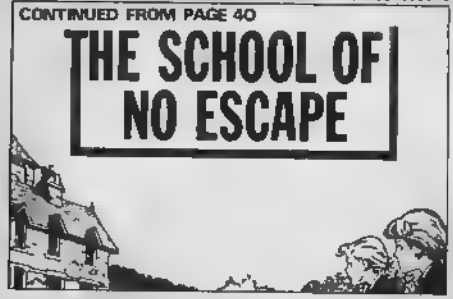




TEST YOUR...

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

THE SCHOOL OF NO ESCAPE



Y YOU HAVE NOW ONLY HE
F RST J AGE OF YOUTH A MEN
TOMORROW AT MIDNIGHT W WILL
RE RA RE VE T E SECOND
PHASE SH F W WILL SPEAK TO
NO ONE OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED
H DU YOU UNDERSTAND?
YES
MISS VOOR!

TOMORROW NIGHT WILL
TEL YOU ABOUT THE GREAT
JUST WHICH BROUGHT ME
TO ST NUMPERS THE CAUSE
FOR WHICH YOU THE BEST
GIRLS N THE SCHOOL WILL
SOON WILLINGLY GIVE
YOUR LIVES!

ROOM

CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

Misty-erious...

As we so often telling the regular readers of MISTY there's always something rather strange about a mist. It can change familiar landmarks into eerie, swirling shapes, transform the scenery and even make us see things which aren't really there—that's what people mean when they talk about a Scotch Mist.

It was one really horrible Scotch Mist which seemed to spell off a series of events so baffling that they can never be understood or explained. It happened on the Flannan Isles some miles from the nearest islands in the Outer Hebrides off North West Scotland.

The Flannan Isles had always appeared grim and mysterious. They were uninhabited and desolate with mists sweeping in from the Atlantic Ocean crashing the many jagged rocks and causing a danger to ships. So a lighthouse was built on the largest island.

Very soon the lighthouse keepers began to hate the sight of Flannan Isle. The long nights, the constant wind and the deathly quiet atmosphere all the place made them uneasy, especially when strange things started to happen. The lighthouse men went on with their working routine, but men reported seeing peculiar shapes among the sea mists and weather mist was reported. There had been unexplained noises heard over the howling of the lighthouse foghorn.

Then a daybreak one morning a ship sent a message by wireless. There was no sign of Flannan Isle to help ships to see through the clinging mists to safety.

A small search party set out to discover what had happened to the three men who were manning the lighthouse, They all felt very uneasy about the mysterious especially when they saw three giant-sized black birds by the lighthouse who seemed to watch them as they neared before going to investigate. Later, each of the men said they had never seen such sea birds before.

After a thorough search of the lighthouse, the search party found—nothing. No sign of the three keepers, no clue about their disappearance, where they had gone, or how they had left the lighthouse. The table was set for breakfast and the only thing out of place was an overturned chair, as though one of the men had jumped up, startled. No trace of the keepers was ever found.

There was an enquiry and the only suggestion was that the three men had all gone out on to the viewing balcony to watch the sea when a freak wave knocked them down and washed them into the sea below.

But could a wave of that kind, at least 30 feet high enough strength to overbalance three strong men, set leave the viewing balcony undamaged. Most people don't really think so. The weird story has been discussed among the mists to have the Flannan Isles and have had hanged the three keepers of the three large black birds which the search party noticed as they landed.

The sinister story of Flannan Isle is told in a poem of the same by Wilfrid Gibson. You may like to read it. He warned, but he prepared for a few shivers up your spine.

Perhaps even more spectacular was the mist which was said to have completely swallowed up a whole Roman legion of four hundred soldiers in the third century. The Ninth Hispana set off from Bath to do battle with the Celts who were attacking their forces at Hadrian's Wall, in Northumberland. They marched out into the path of a thick, swirling mist, and that was the last anyone saw of them. Vanished just like that.

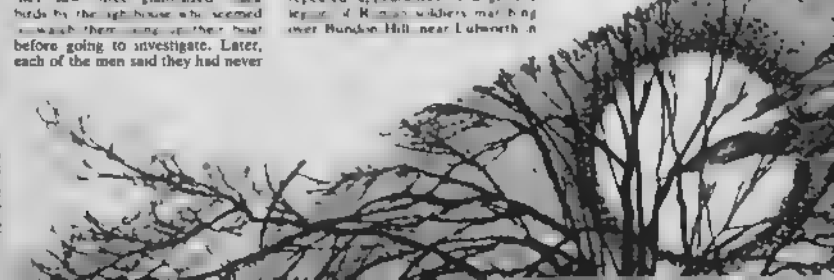
The only clue anyone has is the repeated appearances of a ghostly legion of Roman soldiers marching over Bundon Hill near Lutworth in Dorset. What happened to the men and exactly how they disappeared without trace is not at all clear.

The town of Burford, near Witney in Oxfordshire has its strange mist, too. This takes the form of a low lying black cloud, bringing a feeling of unexplained fear and terror to both humans and animals alike.

And sometimes even a whole creature can emerge through a mist. Lyonesse, one time part of Cornwall is the Scilly Isles and was completely destroyed by a mammoth flood. But some people still say that the ghostly buildings and church spires may be seen rising up from the sea through the mists which often hug the coast.

This area of Cornwall was also very popular with mermaids, especially a small place called Zennor. One where was people often saw an unusual kind of mist seeming rise in the air. This mysterious cloud was known as the Hooper and could be heard through the mist during the day and bright sparks shining out from it at night.

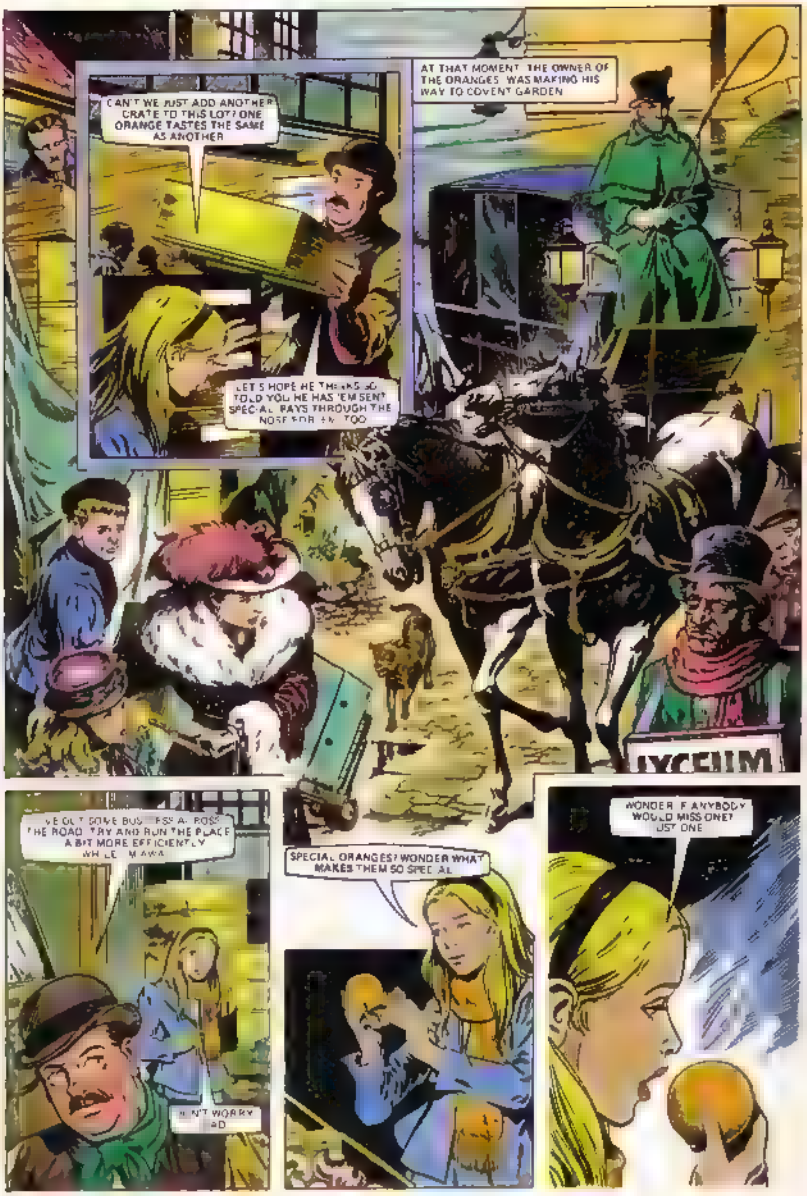
The Hooper was regarded as a friendly guardian spirit by the fishermen who, if they saw it, believed would be a safe day when no fishermen decided to head out. It was thought by the mist to take away the weather of its unearthly almost human powers. The men were never to be seen again. Neither was the Hooper. As with so many other strange mists its secrets will never be known.

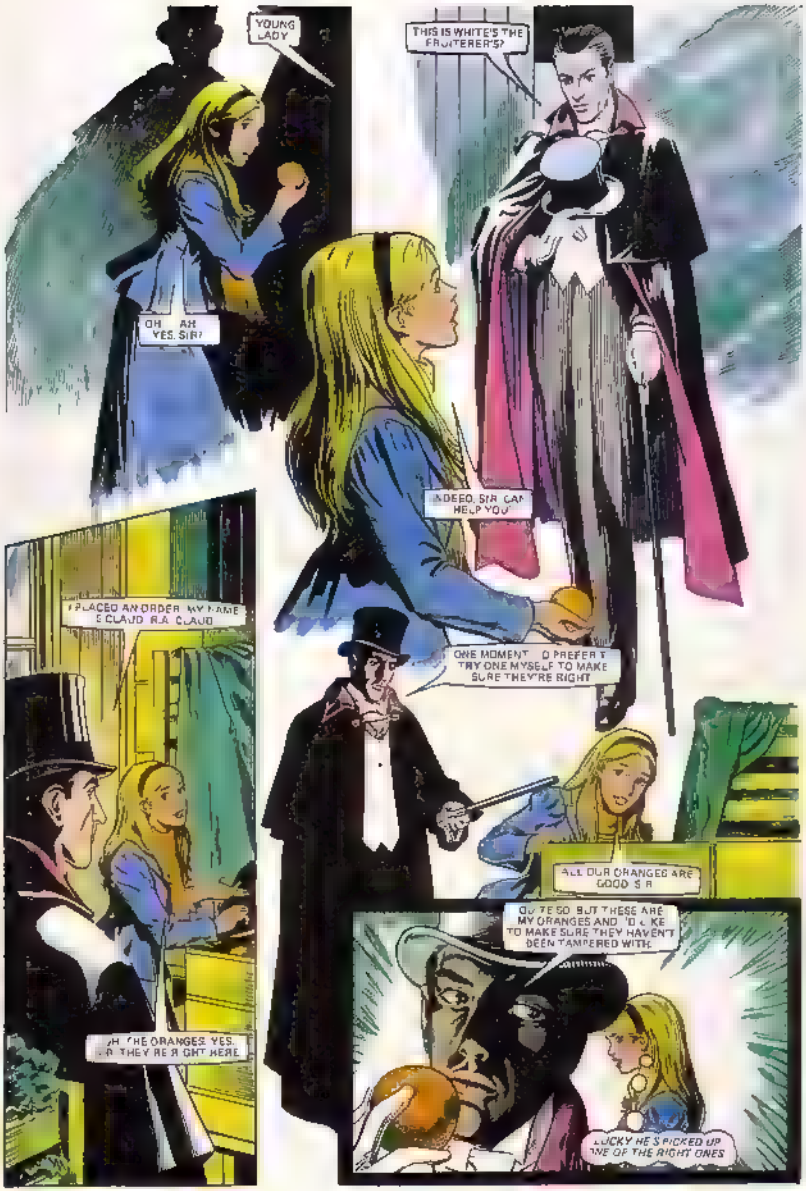


Miss T
MAGIC HOUR
EMPTY
FAILURE
!
?
!?!
GRAB
SNATCH
FUMBLE
?
BATTER
BIFF
ZONK
?!
JC

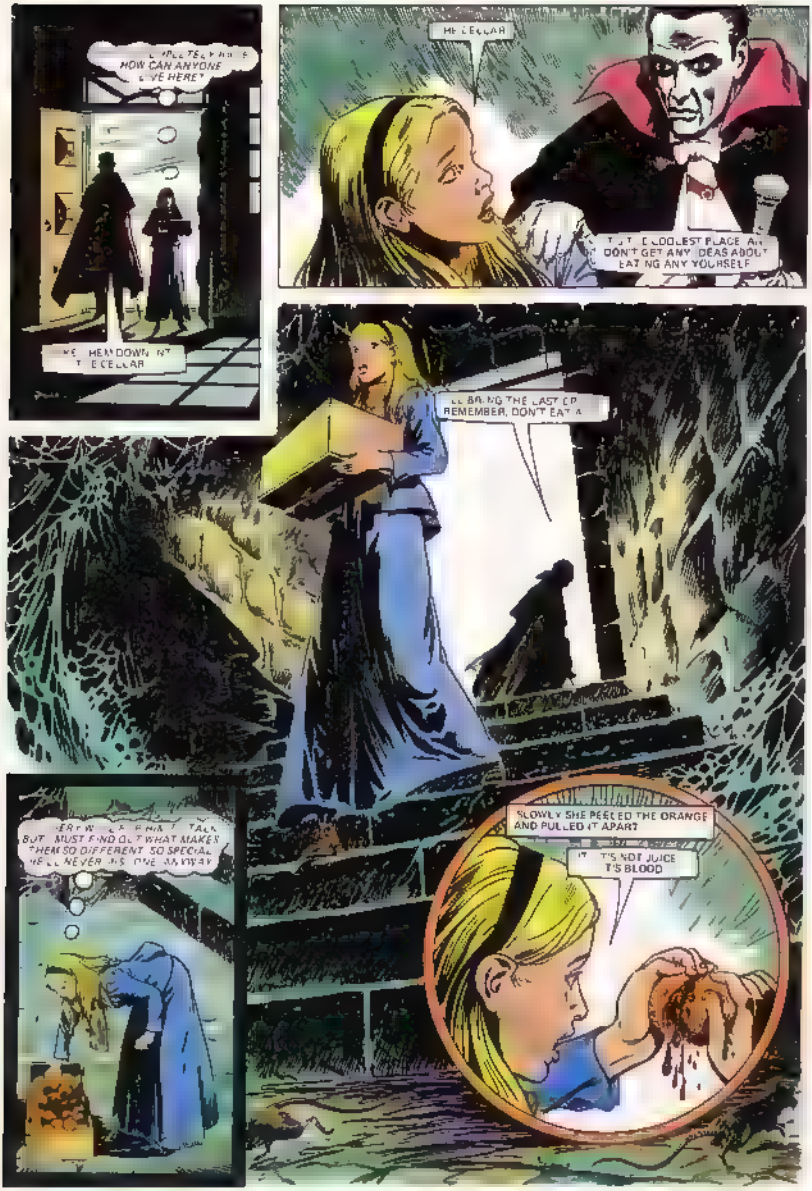
Blood Orange
AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY THE FRUIT MARKET AT COVENT GARDEN WAS AN EVEN BUSIER PLACE AT CHRISTMASTIDE THAN IT WAS FOR THE REST OF THE YEAR

AND AMY WHITE, LIKE MANY OTHER CHILDREN HAD TO HELP HER DAD WHOSE BUSINESS WENT ON ALMOST TWENTY FOUR HOURS A DAY
HEY COME ON, AMY WAKE UP YOU'RE HERE TO WORK NOT SLEEP
EH? OH SORRY DAD
YOU CAN START MOVING THESE CRATES HEY HOLD ON ONE OF THEM'S MISSING
OH THOSE ORANGES? A CRATE TO A CUSTOME
YOU WHAT?
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT? YOU SAY WE'RE HERE TO SELL FRUIT
NOT THOSE ORANGES SPECIAL THEY ARE DIDN'T YOU SEE THE LABEL ON THE CRATE? LIKE THESE HERE THE NAMES CLAUD
CLAUD WHO?
CLAUD NOBODY MISTER CLAUD P.A. CLAUD THOUGHT THEY TAUGHT YOU TO READ AT SCHOOL?


CAN'T WE JUST ADD ANOTHER CRATE TO THIS LOT? ONE ORANGE TASTES THE SAME AS ANOTHER
LET'S HOPE HE THINKS SO TOLD YOU HE HAS 'EM SENT SPECIAL RAYS THROUGH THE NOSE FOR 'IM TOO
AT THAT MOMENT THE OWNER OF THE ORANGES WAS MAKING HIS WAY TO COVENT GARDEN
WE GOT SOME BUSINESS A ROSS THE ROAD TRY AND RUN THE PLACE A BIT MORE EFFICIENTLY WHILE I'M AWAY
DON'T WORRY SIR
SPECIAL ORANGES! WONDER WHAT MAKES THEM SO SPECIAL
WONDER IF ANYBODY WOULD MISS ONE? JUST ONE


YOUNG LADY
OH AH YES SIR!
THIS IS WHITE'S THE FRUITERER'S?
INDEED, SIR CAN I HELP YOU
I PLACED AN ORDER MY NAME'S CLAUD R.A. CLAUD
ONE MOMENT I PREFER TO TRY ONE MYSELF TO MAKE SURE THEY'RE RIGHT
ALL OUR ORANGES ARE GOOD SIR
OH THE ORANGES YES. A THEY'RE RIGHT HERE.
QUITE SO BUT THESE ARE MY ORANGES AND I LIKE TO MAKE SURE THEY HAVEN'T BEEN TAMPERED WITH
LUCKY HE'S PICKED UP ONE OF THE RIGHT ONES

THAT WAS EXCELLENT YOU MAY LOAD THE CRATES INTO MY CARRIAGE ACROSS THE WAY
FUNNY WAY TO EAT AN ORANGE JUST TWO LITTLE MARKS IN THE SKIN AND HE'S LEFT THE INSIDE COMPLETELY DRY NO PULP NO FIBRES NO PIPS NO JUICE NOTHING
LOOK LIVELY AND L D YOURSELF YOU CAN HELP UN LOAD THEM AT MY PLACE
HARDLY HAD THE JOURNEY BEGUN THAN MR CLAUD DEMANDED ANOTHER ORANGE
YOU THINK STRANGE A GROWN MAN SO FOND OF ORANGES BUT THERE A DEFICIENCY IN MY BLOOD YOU SEE A VITAMIN DEF CIENCY YOU MIGHT CALL IT AND THESE COME IN SO HANDY WHEN THERE S NOTHING MORE AH SUBSTANTIAL
LATER


HOW CAN ANYONE LIVE HERE?
HE'S HEAD DOWN IN THE CELLAR
HE CELLAR
THE COOLEST PLACE AN DON'T GET ANY IDEAS ABOUT EATING ANY YOURSELF
I'LL BRING THE LAST OF REMEMBER, DON'T EAT A
BUT I MUST FIND OUT WHAT MAKES THEM SO DIFFERENT SO SPECIAL HE'LL NEVER MISS ONE ANYWAY
SLOWLY SHE PEELED THE ORANGE AND PULLED IT APART
IT'S NOT JUICE IT'S BLOOD

UPSTAIRS THE CUSTOMER WAS TRYING ANOTHER ORANGE
SO, YOU CHEATED ME. YOU TAKE MY ORANGES AND SWINDLE ME OF A WHOLE CRATE. YOU HAVE UPSET THE FUNCTIONING OF MY BLOOD STREAM. AND YOU SHALL SET IT RIGHT
NO, NO. IT WASN'T LIKE THAT REALLY
I'M NOT INTERESTED IN EXCUSES.
KEEP AWA

COFFIN... AND THIS NAME OH WHY DIDN'T I SEE IT BEFORE? IT'S CLEAR IS JUST ANOTHER WAY OF SPELLING DRACULA
COUNT DRACULA
THIS WON'T TAKE LONG
SOMEHOW AMY DODGED HER ATTACKER AND GOT TO THE STAIRS
HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO ESCAPE FROM DRACULA!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAH
THEN
HEY, YOU DROPPED OFF TO SLEEP AGAIN. NIGHTMARES, NOW I'LL BET. MAYBE YOU'D BETTER GO HOME AND HELP YOUR MUM WITH THE CHRISTMAS DINNER. YOU'D BE MORE USE THAN YOU ARE HERE. TAKE SOME OF THESE ORANGES WITH YOU.
LYCEUM THEATRE
Sir Henry Irving in 'DRACULA'
DRACULA... HE NO COULDN'T THAT SAW ON AGAIN. OH MAN, THAT MUST'VE BEEN WHAT GAVE ME THAT HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE.
The End

THE PONY FROM THE MOORLAND MIST

TRACY BISHOP [illegible] HAD JUST RETIRED FROM THE ARMY AND HAD BOUGHT A FARM IN A REMOTE PART OF CORNWALL. TRACY HAD JUST FINISHED HER TERM AT BOARDING SCHOOL WAS GOING TO JOIN HIM

'I must save him—
I must'

'You'd better see
to that cut, my girl'

Continued on page 69

...Meet Misty the magic circle doll

Believe it or not, Misty can actually tell fortunes as she turns around in her own Magic Circle! And YOU can make her at home with a few bits and pieces that needn't cost a penny.

Here's what you need:

A fairly large cereal packet, or cardboard box. An old ball—a tennis ball that's gone bald, or a ball that's punctured or lost its bounce is fine. An odd knitting needle (not too thick), or a pencil with both ends sharpened. This should be about 6 –7 (15cm–18cm) long. A ping-pong ball, wooden bead or a foam-rubber hair roller to make the doll's head. A round lid from a small-size margarine tub. A cocktail stick, smaller pencil or strip of cardboard for Misty's magic wand.

First cut out the two large sides of the cereal packet or box: one side will be for Misty's body and the other for her Magic Circle.

Draw and cut out a circle of cardboard. (If you draw around a large dinner plate this should be about the right size.) Then draw around the circle of cardboard on to a scrap of wallpaper: cut out the circle of wallpaper and stick it to the cardboard. This is so that Misty will look as though she is wearing a patterned dress when you've finished.

Let the wallpaper covering dry thoroughly, then cut the circle in half (A), when you join the two straight edges of one half you'll find you have a cone shape to form the doll's body (B). Snip off the tip of the pointed end so that her head will rest comfortably on top.

For Misty's arms (C), cut the remaining half of the circle into half again as shown in our diagram and join into cone shapes as for the body. Then stick into position on the body cone, fairly near to the hole for Misty's head.

Now take the knitting needle or pencil and bore a small hole in the larger ball to stick the needle or pencil into. (But take care not to pierce the needle all the way through to the other side!)

* * *

Thread the knitting needle or pencil through the body cone and then you can fix the ping-pong ball, bead or foam-rubber hair roller "head" to the other end. With the hair roller you'll probably find that you have to double this over for a nicely shaped head. And, if you prefer, you can cover the head with some material from an old pair of tights to make Misty look more lifelike.

Then you can draw or paint a face with a felt-tipped pen: no need to be too elaborate for this, either just two dots for eyes and a little smiley line for her mouth.

If you wanted to, you could glue on some scraps of wool for hair or tie a small triangle of material around Misty's head gypsy fashion. You might even stick two large earrings made of kitchen foil, sweet wrappings, or twine either side of her head, too! Or another idea might be to make a smaller cone shape in the same way as for Misty's body and arms and stick this on her head for a witches' hat! It's entirely up to you.

All Misty needs now is her magic wand, and that's just a cocktail stick, pencil or cardboard strip glued to the inside of one arm, as shown in our picture.

* * *

Now for Misty's Magic Circle—and this is made by cutting out another large circle of cardboard. The size doesn't really matter. Stick the margarine tub lid in the centre of the circle—this is so that when Misty turns on her ball base, the rim of the tub lid will stop her from wobbling off course!

Now you can colour and design Misty's Magic Circle in any way you like. Write some predictions from the centre of the circle for Misty's magic wand to choose from such as—

★ *You will soon make a new friend*

★ *The 13th will be a lucky day*

Or even something daft like—

★ *a big hairy caterpillar will soon cross your path!*

Copy some predictions from horoscope columns in our "MISTY" magazine if you're really hard up for ideas, but you

and your friends are bound to think up a lot more—and they can all be written on the Magic Circle

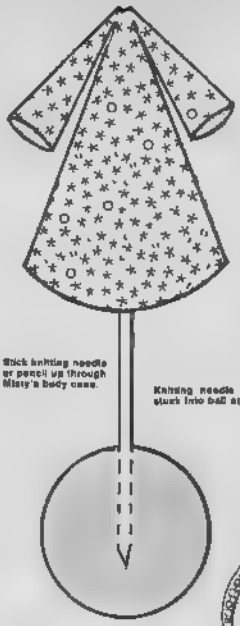
★ ★ ★

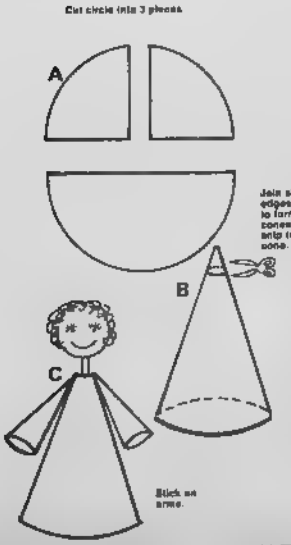
Then, on the outer edge of the Circle, you could write words such as "YES", "NO", "PERHAPS", "POSSIBLY", and these could be answers to any questions which Misty might be asked to make a prediction, such as— Shall I be lucky soon?" or "Will I soon have an increase in pocket money?

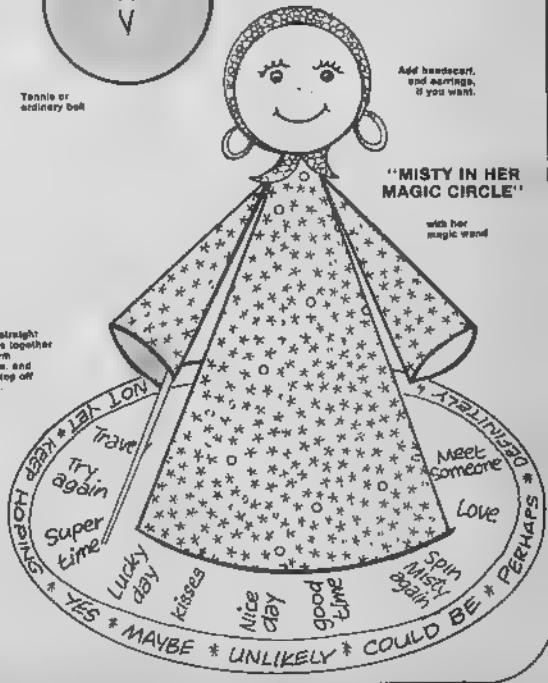
To start Misty on her fortune-telling, all you have to do is to put her in the centre of the Magic Circle and tap her to set her spinning gently. As she stops her magic wand will point to a prediction or an answer to a question.

You'll find Misty will spin quite easily if her body is just a fraction shorter than the ball base, so you can trim the body if you need to. And if the body is too short, then just add a paper frill for decoration

It's so little trouble to take for a doll which will give you hours of fun!


Push needle through to top of the cone ready for the head to be speared into position
Stick knitting needle or pencil up through Misty's body case.
Knitting needle or pencil stuck into ball at one end.
Tennis or ordinary ball





WENDY'S SPECIAL BREW
IS A CAT-ASTROPHE !
WENDY the WITCH
WE'VE RUN OUT OF CAT FOOD FOR LITTLE TIBBY, SO I'M MAKING HIM UP A SPECIAL BREW OF MY OWN
YUK
GULP!
BUBBLE!
WENDY BREW
THERE, TIBBY-- GET THAT DOWN YOU! IT'LL PUT HAIR ON YOUR CHEST!
TIP!
HEAVY BREW
HUH! I'VE ALREADY GOT HAIR ON ME CHEST!
ONE MOUTHFUL LATER
YEOWW!
KA-VOOM!
CRUMBS! MUST'VE MADE IT A LITTLE TOO STRONG!
EEEK! WHAT WAS THAT?
VROOOM!
YIKES!
MEOW!
TOTTERING TOADS T BOY IS HEADING STRAIGHT FOR NEXT DOOR'S DOG!
YEOW!
LEAD!
CLUNK!
KNEE!
YELP!
AND SO
WOOOF! WOOOF! GRRRR! WOOOF!
HEEELP!
BUT SUDDENLY WENDY'S MAGIC BREW HAD ANOTHER SIDE-EFFECT!
HUH?
ZING!
EEOW!
YIKES! A M-MONSTER M-MOGGY!
PURRR!
SCREECH!
WELL, IT MIGHT BE HARDER TO KEEP TIBBY IN FOOD TILL THAT SPELL WEARS OFF - BUT AT LEAST THERE WON'T BE ANY MORE TROUBLE WITH THAT PESKY POOCH! HEH HEH!
GULP!
PURRRR!

THE PONY FROM THE MOORLAND MIST

Continued from page 65

HMMM ... IT SEEMS VERY PECULIAR ... I WONDER WHERE ABOUT TRACY BISHOP AND HER PONY
YES I'VE ALMOST SEEN YOU WHEN
AND WHEN SHE'S BEEN IN ...
BUT THERE'S BEN HE WAS BRILLIANT SEEING AND HOW BRAVE HE WAS
I ONLY THINK SOME OF THE MIDDLE WITH THAT BEAST AND HE'S NOT EVEN OUT HOURS ON THIS
THIS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS BEN I'M AFRAID A SPOT OF WORK FOR YOU DOWN
WRONG BUT I'M WARNING YOU NO GOOD COME OF THAT PONY
Sadly, Tracy took the pony to his stable
YOUR MOM IS NOT GROWN MEN THAT WE ARE FEARING AHMM ... POR BE ASHE BLACK AS NIGHT FROM HIS NOSE TO HIS TAIL
SEE YOU RE IN A BIT IN MORNING WE TAKE EASY RALY PLEASE
AH EH ... OPEN

'Midnight – he's got
to save me !'

THIS BE IT FROM MY BACK IT CAN LOOP AROUND HIS NECK WE CAN PULL ME CLEAR
IT'S ROUND HIM DON WHISKY BACK AWAY
HE WAS RIGHT HE'S PULLED ME CLEAR
HE SAVED ME YET IT WAS HIM WHO MADE ME FALL IN TO THE SWAMP WHY DID HE SAY NO, OUT IN WE LIKE THAT LIKE A PHANTOM IT WAS SO STRANGE
Tracy quickly led the pony out of the valley
I MUST BE A GOOD DISTANCE CAN'T SEE WHERE AM IN WATER ARE MOUNTAINS AND MORNING
WE'RE HOME AT THE FARM AGAIN AND JUST IN TIME ANOTHER HALF HOUR AND IT WOULD BE DAWN AND EVERYONE WOULD HAVE SEEN US
Tracy quickly climbed the pony and crept back up to her room
ANYHOW AT LEAST I'VE REASSURED MUSTN'T GET STUNG
Next morning when
OH NO MRS LYDD ALREADY
MORNIN MISS TRACY BROUGHT YOU SOME TEA AS THAT HAVE IT'S A LOVELY MORNING
JUST WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO MISS TRACY LOOK AT THE STATE OF YOUR CLOTHES
OH ACCIDENTALLY FELL INTO A DITCH YESTERDAY MRS LYDD

SILENCE PLEASE
Shock at the farm

STEADY MORIGHT
THANKS MRS LYDD YOU'RE A FRIEND
That night
Soon it was the day of the horse show
COME ON TRACY WE'RE CUTTING IT A BIT FINE
OKAY DAD
YES DAD I KNOW
HOPE SIL DAD COME ON BUY
WHAT THE
THANKS FOR YOUR HELP HE SEEMS TO HAVE CALMED DOWN

THEY'RE GIVING MIDNIGHT TRIANGLE LOOKS BLACK DON'T CARE. I'VE GOT MY LUCK CHARM AND WE'LL DO WELL TODAY I'M SURE OH HEAD RACHEL. YES WE'RE HERE AND WE'LL BE COMPETING AGAINST YOU HI THERE SO YOU CAME AFTER ALL? 6 WELL IT LOOKS JUMP EVENT SOON AND I MAY THE BEST WHAT'S THAT? SO THIS IS WHAT SHE DROPPED JUG NOW A LUCK CHARM EH? A YEAH OH PLEASE EVENTS 5 IS ABOUT TO BEGIN FIRST COMPETITOR MISS RACHEL MONT BEST OF LUCK RACHEL WELL HERE GOES MAYBE SHOULD HAVE HANDED TRACY BACK HER STUPID CHARM BUT IT'S TOO LATE NOW SHE'S JUMPING WELL VERY WELL I NEED ALL THE LUCK I CAN GET TO FOLLOW HER BUT MY CHARM SHOULD HELP ME THERE OH NO WHERE IS IT I CAN'T HAVE LOST IT WE CLEARED THE LAST JUMP BEAUTIFULLY IT'S A CLEAR ROUND OH GOD COMPETITOR MISS TRACY BISHOP WHERE CAN THE HARM HAVE COME AND WAS IT WHEN I ARRIVED OH WELL NO COME ON TRACY EVERYONE'S WAITING

I'VE GOT TO TRY THE COURSE OH BUT SUDDENLY I'VE GO THIS UNEARTHLY FEELING SOMETHING DON'T HAPPEN ON MIDNIGHT PLEASE DON LET ME DOWN
LET'S SEE HOW WELL YOU DO IN THAT WE'RE NOWHERE WITHOUT THE HELP OF THIS EN TRACY
C'MON, MIDNIGHT LET'S MAKE THIS FIRST ONE A GOOD ONE PLEASE
But
OH NO WE'VE HIT
In the crowd
WHAT FROM THE LOCAL PAPER SIR WHO DO YOU THINK WILL WIN THIS EVENT
WELL I WON'T BE THAT BLACK AFAST THERE FOR SURE
YOU BET I WON'T
PLEASE MIDNIGHT LET CLEAR THIS TIME KNOW YOU CAN DO IT YOU'VE JUMPED HIGHER BEFORE
MIDNIGHT'S REFUSED THE JUMP OHHHH I'M FALLING
I'VE GOT TO CARRY ON STRAIGHT AWAY BUT CAN HEAR THEM MURMURING ABOUT MIDNIGHT'S STRANGENESS WHY IS HE BEHAVING SO BADLY IT CAN'T BE FOR ANY SUPERSTITIOUS REASON SURELY
But Tracy failed to make any progress with Midnight at the next three jumps

MIDNIGHT WHAT ARE YOU DOING
WE'RE PACING FORWARD AND CAN'T STOP NOW HE'S GOTTA TO DO THE WATER JUMP
WE DID IT NOW WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THAT BOY C'MON MIDNIGHT SWIM
OH HELP
HE DON WE'RE COMING C'MON MIDNIGHT
THEY'VE GOT THE BOY THEY'VE SAVED HIM
THREE CHEERS FOR THE GIRL AND HER PONY
SON SON ARE YOU OKAY
OH LASS WHAT CAN SAY THIS IS MY SON BROUGHT HIM WITH ME FOR A DAY OUT AND YOU AND YOUR PONY SAVED HIS LIFE
S THE REPORTER WHO SPOKE TO ME EARLIER
C'MON LASS ANYTHING YOU WANT AND I OBLIGE
PLEASE DON'T PRINT ANYTHING ABOUT US PLEASE AND WHERE DID YOU GET THAT MEDALLION
THIS OH FOUND IT IN THE GRASS IT'S OKAY ASS AND DON'T WORRY THERE LL BE NOTHING SAID ABOUT YOU OR YOUR PONY IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT
THE LAY TAR E SO BAULK BECA SE OF W S SON BUT I REALISE HE AS NOT WE N YOUR HE S AN UNUSUAL PON IN S THERE SOME KIND STRANGE ABO HIM
Continued on page 86

WENDY'S SPELL MAKES A SPLASH !
WENDY the WITCH
MUM 'M JUST GOING OUT TO PLAY
BUT IT'S RAINING WENDY!
ALLEE-OOPS!
LEAP!
FLASH!
MMM I'D BETTER DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE WEATHER
IS IT STILL RAINING?
NO MUM, IT'S STOPPED NOW. HEE! HEE!
LATER
OOPS SORRY WENDY, MY FOOT SLIPPED! HEE HEE!
AARRGH!
RIGHT! I'LL GIVE YOU LARGE ENOUGH FEET SO THEY WON'T SLIP AGAIN
EEEK!
BYE BIG FEET
GRRR! I GET MY OWN BACK ON YOU WENDY
HA! HA! 'M REALLY GOING TO DRENCH YOU IN MUD WITH MY BIG FEET
MUST MAKE ANOTHER SPELL... GULP
TEE-HEE IT WORKED!
GLURK
HO! HO! SHE PUT BOTH HER FEET RIGHT IN IT THAT TIME.
WHAT
SPLOSH!
HELP! IT'S THE MONSTER FROM THE PONDS!

The GHOST-GIRL

IT was September when my father took over the veterinary practice near my grandmother's small village in Suffolk. My brother and I didn't like leaving the city, with all the wide range of things to do there, and the lovable cats and dogs which came unwillingly up our path every surgery time.

We imagined that in the country there'd be nothing but herds of cows for dad to see to, and nobody likes leaving their friends, do they?

We weren t any happier when, on moving day, we arrived at our new house. Although it was in a small market town, about three miles away from my grandmother's village, it was situated in a lonely part of the town, with an old warehouse on one side and a graveyard on the other

"Don't be silly, you two," said Mum. "It's only five minutes from the shops and there are houses beyond the graveyard. You only dislike it because it's strange—when you start school next week and make new friends, it'll seem altogether different."

"I suppose so," I sighed. It was no use making a fuss. And I didn't like to, anyway, because I knew how much Grandma needed us near her, and how much my mother had wanted to return to the country, where she had grown up

★★★★

All the same, when I went to my bedroom and looked out of the window, my heart sank. The view was of a graveyard—and the most eerie part of the graveyard, too. It was a little corner, hemmed in by yew trees and ivy, with old, imposing, Victorian gravestones. Around the corner stretched the more modern part, where families bustled about bringing flowers and trimming the grass. But you couldn't see that part from my window. No one came, I was sure, to the old part The graves were so old that the people who had known those who were buried there must have themselves died long ago. No one was left to visit this old part. And by the length of the grass, no one came from the church authorities to tidy it up, either

I turned from the window and began to unpack my belongings. Mum came in and helped me make up my bed, and we put a couple of hot water bottles in to make sure nothing would be damp. Then she went away to do the same for my brother, whose room was just along the corridor, and I began to arrange my hairbrush, old battered teddy-bear, jewellery box and other things on my dressing-table

★★★★

I looked in the mirror, and noticed that the light fell awkwardly. It was just where the removal men had placed it, but it was just at the wrong angle. The window was behind me, and when I stood before the mirror I blocked the light from my own reflection

So I heaved the dressing-table round a bit. And as I did so, I saw something in the reflection of the graveyard behind me.

Just a flash of white, it was. Like someone moving quickly behind a gravestone. But when I went to the window, nothing was there.

I thought it must have been a trick of the light. But then I forgot about it, because my brother ran in to tell me that Dad's new partner had arrived to introduce himself, with his family, and I went downstairs to meet them.

The new partner had four children and lived outside the town. Even though our house was large and rambling, with the surgery taking up a lot of the ground floor there wasn't enough room for all of them, which is why we were living there. I liked the children. There was a girl about my age, called Amy

"It'll be much nicer having you here than the last vet," she said to me. "He didn't have any children. Well, he d had one, but she died about ten years ago They had a photograph of her on the sideboard. But she would have been too old to want to talk to me, even if she had lived."

"Why don't you take Elizabeth down to the shops, Amy?" suggested her father "You can show her around, let her know what thrills are in store for her, living here!"

So that s what happened. Amy and I spent the afternoon wandering around the little town. It all seemed quite different from the city. Everyone we met asked all sorts of questions in the funny accent they speak there, but which I understood because of Grandma

It was fun, but I noticed a few odd looks when I told them where I lived And some people looked at others and said "Long fair hair, too, just the same."

★★★★

Amy's hair was short and red, so I knew they couldn't be likening my hair to hers. And I felt it was rude to ask them what they meant, so I said nothing.

Settling into country life was interesting, to say the least. Dad let me come with him when he went out on rounds. Robin, my brother, couldn't be trusted not to run off and let sheep out of pens, so he was left at home But I really enjoyed my trips to the local farms before I went to the local school when term started

The farmers' wives were just like you read about in books, offering you tea-cakes and buns and large mugs of tea in warm, friendly kitchens. And the animals! Even a cow could be cuddly, I discovered

And yet, many times, there was a sharp intake of breath when they first saw me. And one or two of them stroked my hair and looked sad, as they put a mug in front of me.

"Have you got any children, Mrs. Howe?" I asked one of them. Perhaps her daughter's away at school, I thought, and she misses her. She might be the same age as me, and she's wishing I were her.

"They wouldn't like you to call them children now, miss!" laughed Mrs. Howe. "Here they come now, three great strapping lads that they are!"

Well, that can't be it, I thought, as three huge workmen burst into the kitchen. Perhaps it's my pale city complexion that's worrying her. She probably thinks I need feeding up.

It was on my next visit to the Howe's farm that Mr. Howe gave me the puppy. It was a gorgeous, bouncing, squealing bundle of fur, but it was a mongrel. The Howe's dog had escaped one night and the result was a mongrel litter, delightful but unsaleable by pedigree standards, and he was the last one left.

"What are you going to call him, Libby?" asked Dad, as we drove home.

Oh . . . I don't know," I said. "I think I'll let him stay around for a while before I decide on his name. After all, it'll be the only possession he has.

"I don't know about that, laughed Dad. "No doubt you'll get round me for a new basket, and some blankets, and a soft toy or two, and so on. He'll be a really spoilt beast before long, knowing you and Robin. That goldfish you used to have lived a life of luxury, remember?"

That night, with the new puppy snoring gently at the foot of my bed, I couldn't sleep. I would drift off for a few minutes, and then suddenly be wide awake—as if I were listening for something. But what?

I began to get really cross with myself. I'm usually a heavy sleeper, and nothing disturbs me once my head has touched the pillow. I tried counting sheep, closing my eyes tight, but nothing made any difference.

Then I noticed that the new puppy was sitting bolt upright, staring at the window. He was whimpering slightly, his head on one side.

And I heard someone calling. Mum! Mum!"

Bother Robin, I grumbled silently. It must have been him waking me up.

But as I got out of bed to go to see what was the matter, the puppy scrambled up and ran to the window. He clawed at the curtains, whining.

"Now what's wrong with you?" I asked him. I looked out of the window, and there in the churchyard was a girl, about my age, all in white. She was wearing a little mini-dress, like everyone used to wear years ago, and her hair was long and fair, like mine.

She was calling out. And it wasn't Mum, but *Chum*, that she was calling.

She came right across the churchyard, in and out of the huge gravestones, as if they weren't there. It seemed that one minute she was on the far side of the gravestones, and the next, she was standing under my window, shivering, looking at me.

The puppy scratched at my legs and I picked him up. When the girl saw the puppy in my arms, she smiled. I looked at the puppy. His ears had pricked up,

OVER

and he was looking straight at her.

But then I looked back at the girl—and as I looked, her image blurred before my eyes. I blinked, and she wasn't there at all!

I'll never sleep after that, I thought, as I climbed back into bed. How can someone be in front of you one minute, and gone the next?

Yet sleep I did, for the next thing I knew, Robin was shaking me and telling me that I had just twenty minutes to wash, dress, eat my breakfast and be ready for Amy when she called to take me to school for the first time.

With everyone in a rush it was no time to talk about strange happenings in the middle of the night. And anyway, in the broad light of day, it all seemed unbelievable

But on a visit to Grandma on the following Saturday, I plucked up the courage to ask if she believed in ghosts.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Grandma. "Is it living right next to a churchyard that's worrying you?"

"Oh, not really," I said, airily I didn't want Grandma to guess how worried I really was. "But you get to thinking," I mumbled.

★★★★

"Don't you go filling your head with the likes of that," said Grandma. "Not that I disbelieve in spirits. Don't believe in 'em either, mind you. But your grandad did. He always used to say that spirits were alright if you treated them proper. Their feelings can be hurt just like anyone else's, is what he used to say. But I never saw one. If I did, I'd ask it to sit down and have a cup of tea, just to be on the safe side. Talking about tea, shall we put the kettle on?"

A few nights after that, the puppy started whining again. I took him over to the window, and there was the girl again. She waved to the puppy, and smiled, then she vanished again.

★★★★

It began to happen quite often in those dark, winter nights. And I found that if I went to the window alone, she was distressed. I had to have the puppy with me. And sometimes, before I could pick him up, a faint echo filled my ears.

'Chum" she called gently "Chum'

So I named the puppy Chum, as by now he always responded to it. And because I hadn't chosen his name, I felt he wasn't altogether mine. I shared him with the ghost-girl who came to visit him at night

I began to feel that I was leading a double life. In the daytime, I was involved in the busy world of school, getting ready for the Christmas concert and catching up with everyone else in the class in a syllabus slightly different from that in my last school. At weekends, I helped Dad, ran errands for Mum, and took Chum for walks.

And at night, I waited in the

dark for the faint voice of the ghost-girl, and her eerie visits.

What would happen, I wondered, if I tried to blend my two lives? Amy was, by this time, a very good friend of mine. So I asked Mum if she could come and stay with me one evening, and spend the night.

Mum said yes, so we fixed up a camp bed on the floor of my room and Amy came round one Saturday.

We had a really good day. We did some painting together and looked at some music magazines and I told her all about life in the city. She told me what it was like having three younger brothers and sisters and we agreed that we'd only have animals, not children, when we got married ourselves.

Amy wanted a large house in the middle of London with a stable attached so she could keep a horse. I wanted a cottage by the sea with a tiny garden I could keep bees in. We talked like this long after it was dark and we'd had supper, and Mum had told us to hurry up into bed before we caught our deaths of cold.

I didn't mention the ghost-girl. But when everything was quiet and dark and still, the call came through the night: "Chum! Chum!"

I shook Amy gently, and she woke at once.

"What is it?" she said.

I explained as quickly as I could and then, lifting Chum into my arms, I went to the window.

★★★★

The girl stood there, shivering as she always did. She started to smile at Chum, and then the smile faded and she stepped backwards. Chum barked. The girl hesitated.

"Good heavens!" said Amy, beside me. "It's Frances Daniel!"

The ghost girl faded away. I looked at Amy in astonishment.

"Frances Daniel?" I said.

"The girl in the photograph, said Amy. "The daughter of the last vet—the girl who died!"

"Are you sure?" I whispered.

"Yes. I saw it often. I know it's her," she said.

We didn't get much sleep after that. We talked and talked about it, but it was all too strange to believe. And in the morning, Amy said she didn't want to talk about it any more. She was too upset by it all.

But I had seen the ghost-girl when all she wanted was to smile at Chum. She was, after all, part owner of the little dog. I couldn't be frightened of her.

The GHOST-GIRL

★★★★

Yet although I lay awake every night for as long as I could, she didn't come again. Not for a long time. Not for many, many weeks, until Chum had nearly passed out of puppyhood, with the biggest paws you've ever seen.

I felt sad, and annoyed, that I had ruined her pleasure by letting Amy see her. I had frightened her away. And yet, while I had Chum, I was sure that she would be unable to stay away for ever.

I was right. But it was not just a social call that she made the next time.

I had been allowed to stay up late, for Mr and Mrs. Howe had been over to spend the evening with us and they were as fond of me as I was of them. We had spent a merry evening looking at old photograph albums and playing cards, and they were all still playing long after I had gone to bed.

But Chum, excited by all the noise, had scratched my bedroom door open and gone downstairs when he heard them preparing to leave.

I got out of bed and, in my white nightie, without bothering to put on my dressing-gown, ran down after him. Just as he reached the foot of the stairs, Mr Howe opened the front door to go out.

"Chum! Stop!" I called. But Chum had dashed out into the night.

I ran past everyone, down the path towards him. But, sensing a game, he ran on. Right into the road he ran.

A car, going fast on the deserted road, came quickly round the corner. And Chum seemed, in its headlights, to have no chance.

But then, out of nowhere, a slim white shape ran towards him. It was the ghost-girl.

It all happened so quickly, I don't know how I remember it so clearly. She dived for Chum, scooped him up, and flung him clear. I can still see her terrified face as the car hit her, swinging her round to face us. Then she was gone—leaving all of us, and the car driver, who stopped, completely dumbfounded.

We all went back indoors, and had a good strong cup of tea. Chum was scolded and cuddled, and then the others talked about what they'd seen.

"Frances—it was Frances, Mr Daniel's girl!" said Mrs. Howe. "But how could it have been?"

"Just like it happened to her," said Mr. Howe.

Then they told us how, ten or twelve years ago, Frances Daniel had been the vet's daughter. She had long fair hair, just like me, and was about the same age. And she had a puppy called Chum.

One night he had raced outside, just as my Chum had done that very evening. And Frances had raced after him. The car had killed them both instantly.

I never saw Frances again. Chum and I slept soundly—and wherever she is, I hope she sleeps soundly too.

I like to think she does. For the second time, she was able to save the little dog. Oh, I know it's not the same dog, the same car, the same accident. But I'm sure that in saving my Chum she put things right. If not, she would have come back, wouldn't she?

THE END

THE PONY FROM THE MOORLAND MIST

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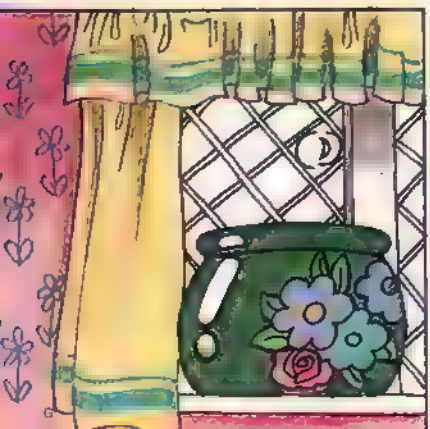
SEE YOURSELF~ IN YOUR TRUE COLOURS

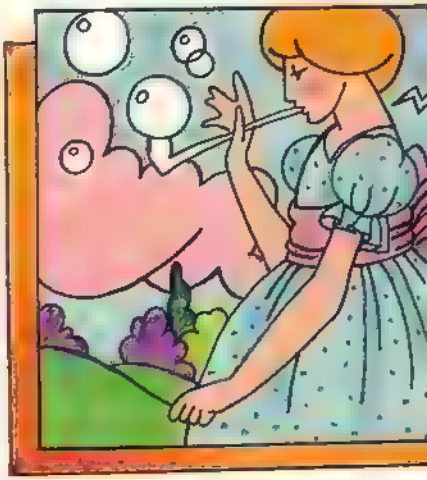
COLOURS have more power as luck-bringers than most of us realise—and if you don't believe it, just think how great you feel wearing that special dress or outfit which always seems to make nice things happen.

So why not try our Personality Quiz, and find out what lucky colours could mean to YOU!

A) What do you think should go in this vase—

1) An arrangement of feathers and bullrushes?
2) An old-fashioned aspidistra?
3) An indoor rubber plant?
4) Tall chrysanthemums?
5) Painted leaves and ferns?





B) Who do you think would send this birthday card to you—

1) Your Mum or Dad?
2) A best friend?
3) An elderly Aunty, or Grandma?
4) Somebody who does not know you that well?
5) A friend of the family?

C) What do you think this could be—

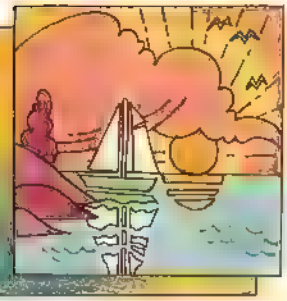
1) A sample of curtain material?
2) A piece of dress fabric?
3) A wall-hanging?
4) A calendar picture?
5) A panel of scenery for a fairy tale production?

D) What does this ink blot remind you of—

1) A beetle?
2) A cloud?
3) A frog?
4) A rocket?
5) A map of some undiscovered island?

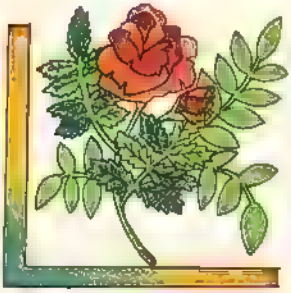
E) Where do you think this oriental lady belongs—

1) On a chocolate box?
2) As a greetings card?
3) On an advert for a Chinese restaurant?
4) As a symbol for a large airline?
5) On your bedroom wall, maybe?



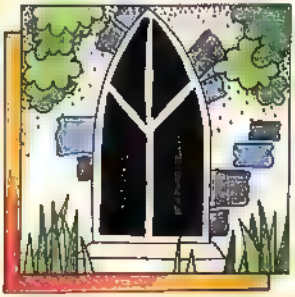
G) Which design would you put in this stained-glass window—

1) A religious scene?
2) A mosaic pattern in different colours?
3) A design of leaves and flowers?
4) A plain centre, with ornamental lettering around the edge?
5) Exotic birds and beautiful butterflies?



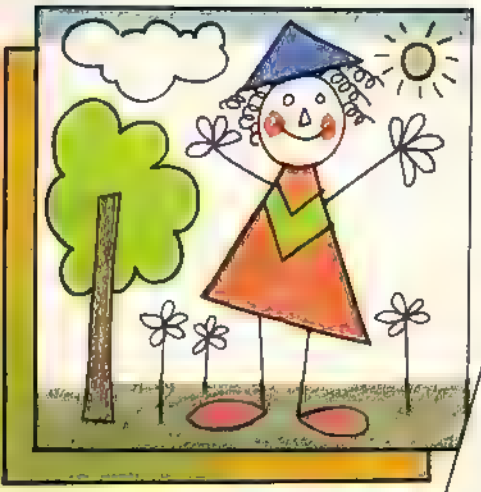
F) Suppose you had to give a name to this water colour painting Would it be—

1) Sunset?
2) Water colours?
3) Reflections?
4) Daybreak?
5) Peace?



H) What message do you think would go with this painting—

1) Get well soon?
2) Be my Valentine?
3) Congratulations on your 21st birthday?
4) With love on Mother's Day?
5) Best wishes on your Wedding Anniversary?



I) Finally, have a look at this young girl s work of art How do you think the child felt about painting it?

1) *Happy?*
2) *Disgusted?*
3) *Interested?*
4) *Bored?*
5) *Impatient?*

NOW

Now check your score on our table to see which letter most of your answers come under

Question A. 1	D 2	E 3	A 4	B 5	C
Question B. 1	A 2	E 3	C 4	B 5	D
Question C. 1	E 2	B 3	D 4	C 5	A
Question D 1	A 2	E 3	D 4	B 5	C
Question E 1	E 2	C 3	A 4	B 5	D
Question F. 1	E 2	D 3	A 4	B 5	C
Question G 1	E 2	B 3	D 4	C 5	A
Question H. 1	B 2	C 3	D 4	E 5	D
Question I 1	A 2	E 3	C 4	B 5	A

Conclusions...

MAINLY A. Bet this isn't the first time you've been told that you re a real dreamer To overcome the shy side of your personality you could wear almost any shade of blue, and this will attract other people to your natural kindness and quiet, thoughtful nature. Lilac would also bring you luck in any kind of examination or interview, especially if you could wear a piece of jewellery with silver or grey in the design Dark or very vivid colours would be too overpowering for your gentle character so they wouldn t be much good as luck-bringers!

* * *

MOSTLY B You're always full of energy bouncing with life and wanting to be where the action is. And, as you like to be noticed, bright colours are definitely for you, especially red and orange. Another luck-bringer is yellow which would chime with your sunny outlook and bright sense of humour At times you find it difficult to slow down and concentrate, particularly when you're alone. That's when autumn browns and golds will help you relax, either in the clothes you wear or perhaps a bedroom colour scheme. Try it and see!

* * *

MOSTLY C Mystery and imagination are your key words, and most deep, rich shades are the lucky colours for you Mauve is probably a favourite with you already, but you could also rely on crimson or turquoise when you want to make a good impression with your intelligence and determination Black or beige are also luck-bringers when worn with any of your lucky colours, and, as you are also a nature lover at heart, anything with a bold, floral pattern would help you to smile and take life less seriously at times. White flowers will always bring you luck, too

* * *

MOSTLY D. Your feeling and interest in Art and Design means that you have a wider range of lucky colours than girls in other groups. Nearly all unusual shades and patterns will tune in with your search for new ideas and things to try but green is the luckiest colour of all for you, especially if there is some beige or brown to blend in with the colour scheme. And when you choose jewellery or any kind of ornament remember that anything made from wood will also bring you luck How about a wooden lucky mascot?

* * *

MOSTLY E Pink is definitely your luckiest colour, because it brings out your generous and warm-hearted personality for everyone to see! But disappointments come easily to you, so choose tan or peachey-orange when you need to strengthen your determination to try again and cheer yourself up. Cream and light brown are also colours to give your self-confidence a boost and help you conquer any feelings of unease and restlessness You will always feel happiest with feminine, dainty designs and a charm bracelet or a charm worn on a chain would be particularly lucky to you

THE MAGICAL

MOST of you will know that nearly every plant has a special meaning of its own—Sunflower means 'false riches' and Lilac means 'forsaken'. But some are more interesting than others, especially when they have strange traditions and superstitions dating back to the times when almost everyone believed in the magical power of all growing things.

Here's a selection to show you what we mean.

APPLES have the reputation of being the most magical fruit of all, perhaps because it was used by Eve to tempt Adam.

The apple stands for eternal youth and happiness so chopping down an apple tree is still thought to be very unlucky. People also used apples to answer questions. First the apple was held lightly with both hands and the question asked with eyes tightly shut. Then when the apple was broken open, the number of pips gave the answer— yes for an odd number and no for even numbers.

BIRCH means gracefulness, but few people wanted these trees on their land during the Middle Ages for fear that witches would be attracted to the place. They were supposed to make their broomsticks from birch trees.

CLOVER has been a popular lucky omen for hundreds of years with the four-leaf clover being the luckiest charm of all! Some people kept bunches of clover at the entrance to their homes as a safeguard against poverty and want—that's why we talk about being in clover or living a life of luxury.

DAISY means beauty and innocence and it was often used in old spells such as this fifteenth century one to make a sweetheart keep his promise. A handful of daisies had to be boiled in a pint of water and the daisy root cleaned. All the time, the girl had to keep wishing for her boyfriend to keep his promise and then the roots were burned and the contents of the boiling-pot flung on a dung-hill!

EGLANTINE is another name for Sweet Brier, a very pretty and wild-growing sort of rose bush. A vase of its sweet-smelling leaves and flowers are still thought to aid the recovery of a sick person.

FORGET-ME-NOT has a message in its actual name, but it really means True Love. And a girl could be sure of a young man's lasting affection if she managed to give him a Forget-Me-Not flower without him knowing.

GERANIUMS have many different meanings, according to their colours. Dark Geraniums express melancholy and sadness. Those with nutmeg coloured petals foretell an unexpected meeting, pink means Preference and scarlet has the meaning 'comforting'.

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY were pagan symbols for male and female. Ivy was woman and Holly represented man. In any struggle between the two to establish itself, the Holly always survived, which was supposed to illustrate the higher authority of man over woman.

JAPONICA originally came from Japan. According to a Victorian dictionary, its meaning is 'Fairies' Fire'. Some people thought it unlucky to bring it into the house or use in floral decoration.

KING-CUP has the meaning 'I wish I was rich'. A gift of King Cups either to a young child or a very old person was a safeguard against hardship.

Lavender is for lovers true
Which evermore be faine
Desiring always for to have
Some pleasure for their paine

It's a verse from a love poem written in 1584. Lavender means 'assiduity' which the dictionary defines as 'close and constant attention'.

A-Z of PLANTS!

MYRTLE isn't such a popular shrub nowadays as it was in olden times. Then it was believed that if a girl gave the man she loved a sprig of flowering Myrtle, he would return her feelings. The most likely explanation for this is that Myrtle was sacred to Venus, the Roman goddess of love.

NARCISSUS is another flower which has connections with ancient legend. Narkissos was a Greek youth who gazed into a pool and fell in love with his own reflection, not knowing he was seeing himself. After a vain search to find his ideal love he pined and died, and the gods changed him into a flower.

ORANGE BLOSSOM is still worn in many brides' headdresses—it does actually mean 'Bridal Festivity' and is supposed to bring good luck and prosperity to the bride. But it's most unlucky to keep the Orange Blossom afterwards or to pass it on to a member of the family.

THE PRIMROSE is a Springtime flower and, understandably, its name means Youth and Early Days. Even the glum Victorians must have been infected with the happiness which Primroses have always seemed to bring. If this verse is anything to go by—

Every thing is sweet and young
Every thing in its prime
Music voices every tongue
In Primrose Time in
Primrose Time!

QUINCE is a fruit tree which seems to have no particular meaning, but keeping a slice of Quince for a week is supposed to bring about the arrival of a fascinating stranger.

ROSEMARY for remembrance—says the old poem. Until quite recently Rosemary flowers were often put into graves as a sign that the dead would be remembered, and young girls often went into churchyards to pick sprigs of Rosemary from the graves to use in magic charms.

Perhaps the most popular one was to bind Rosemary, Rue—a plant with leaves that were used as a pain-killing medicine—and a posy of flowers with a hair, then the whole thing was tied to the head before going to bed, in order to dream of the future.

TULIP has two meanings—a Declaration of Love for a flower with red petals, and for any other colour it means Beautiful Eyes. Tulips flourishing easily in a person's garden is a sign of a very happy marriage.

USE OF FLOWERS is the title of another old poem found in a book given to a girl on her tenth birthday in 1888.

God might have made the earth bring forth
For every want of ours
For luxury, medicine and toil
And yet have made no flowers
Our outward life requires them not
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man
And beautify the earth.

VIOLETS mean 'faithfulness', unless they have white petals when the meaning is Rural Happiness. A dream of violets in Autumn or Winter is the sign of a boyfriend arriving on the scene very shortly!

WITCH HAZEL means a spell, and the small forked branches from this type of tree is often used by dowsers—people with the gift of tracing water and minerals beneath the ground.

X STANDS FOR XMAS, and, of course, the Mistletoe! And what plant could be more magical than this one which gives even the shyest girl the perfect excuse to kiss the best-looking boy at a party?

YARROW is another quite powerful herb used more in charms than in cooking. This was also a plant to be found in churchyards, and as the clock struck the first hour of May day a girl could pick three sprigs of Yarrow and put them in her shoe saying:

Good morrow, good morrow, good yarrow
Three times a good morrow to thee
Pray tell me before this hour tomorrow
Who my true love will be.

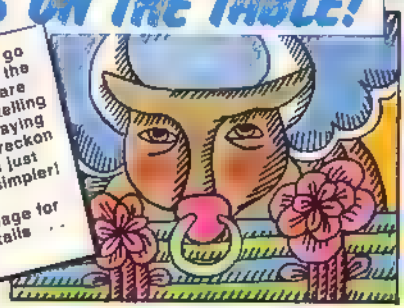
Then she was supposed to go back to bed, put the Yarrow under her pillow and dream of the man she was to marry.

ZINNIAS are named after J. G. Zinn, the German botanist who developed them. If in a dream you see yourself picking them, this is an indication that your friends are loyal and sincere.

PUT YOUR CARDS ON THE TABLE!

. . and have a go at peeping into the future! There are many ways of telling fortunes by playing cards but we reckon our system just couldn't be simpler!

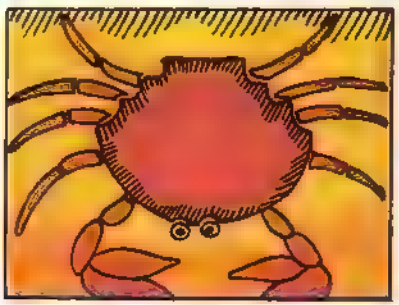
Turn the page for all the details . .



ARIES (21st March–20th April)
BIRTHSTONE—Diamond. LUCKY DAY—Tuesday
LUCKY NUMBER—4. BEST QUALITY—Loyalty
WORST FAULT—Quick Temper

TAURUS (21st April–20th May)
BIRTHSTONE—Emerald. LUCKY DAY—Friday
LUCKY NUMBER—3. BEST QUALITY—Honesty
WORST FAULT—Won't Take Advice

GEMINI (21st May–20th June)
BIRTHSTONE—Agate. LUCKY DAY—Sunday
LUCKY NUMBER—7. BEST QUALITY—Friendly Personality. WORST FAULT—Easily Bored

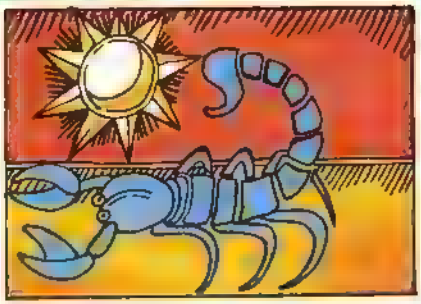


CANCER (21st June–21st July)
BIRTHSTONE—Ruby. LUCKY DAY—Thursday
LUCKY NUMBER—1. BEST QUALITY—Imaginative
WORST FAULT—Jealousy

LEO (22nd July–21st August)
BIRTHSTONE—Sapphire. LUCKY DAY—Wednesday
LUCKY NUMBER—9. BEST QUALITY—Reliability
WORST FAULT—Outspoken

VIRGO (22nd August–21st September)
BIRTHSTONE—Citrine. LUCKY DAY—Tuesday
LUCKY NUMBER—5. BEST QUALITY—Generosity
WORST FAULT—Critical Tongue

LIBRA (22nd September–22nd October)
BIRTHSTONE—Opal LUCKY DAY—Saturday
LUCKY NUMBER—2 BEST QUALITY—Patience
WORST FAULT—Indecision

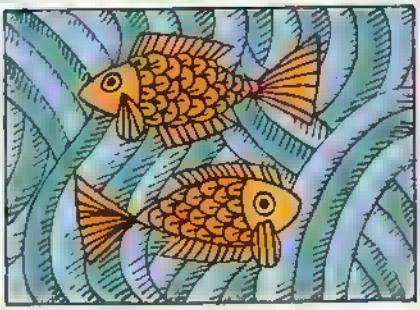


SCORPIO (23rd October–21st November)
BIRTHSTONE—Topaz LUCKY DAY—Wednesday
LUCKY NUMBER—5. BEST QUALITY—Determination
WORST FAULT -Over-dramatic

SAGITTARIUS (22nd November–20th December)
BIRTHSTONE—Turquoise. LUCKY DAY—Monday
LUCKY NUMBER—9 BEST QUALITY—Sense of Humo
WORST FAULT –Untidiness

CAPRICORN (21st December–19th January)
BIRTHSTONE—Garnet LUCKY DAY—Friday
LUCKY NUMBER—6. BEST QUALITY—Efficiency
WORST FAULT—Moodiness

AQUARIUS (20th January–21st February)
BIRTHSTONE—Amethyst LUCKY DAY—Thursday
LUCKY NUMBER—8. BEST QUALITY—Sincerity
WORST FAULT—Impatience



PISCES (22nd February–20th March)
BIRTHSTONE—Bloodstone LUCKY DAY—Saturday
LUCKY NUMBER—3. BEST QUALITY—Kindness
WORST FAULT—Worrying Unnecessarily

PUT YOUR CARDS ON THE TABLE!

HERE'S HOW...

First of all, check on the Zodiac sign for your birthday, then shuffle the cards and deal them all out in turn onto the Zodiac signs overleaf

You will find that you have dealt four cards onto each Zodiac sign, and that you have four cards left over. Pick up the cards on your sign. Now all you have to do is to look up the meaning and prediction for each of these cards in our Interpretation Table below. You'll find there are specific forecasts for certain groups of cards, so don't forget to check on these too.

When reading your prediction from the cards, you'll often find that one card will relate to another. For instance, say you deal—

ACE OF SPADES, TEN OF HEARTS, TWO OF HEARTS, SIX OF CLUBS

If you look at the Interpretation Table, you'll see that the Ace of Spades means a disappointment or some disagreement or a quarrel. But the Ten of Hearts indicates that you'll overcome this unpleasantness, probably because of the invitation indicated by the Two of Hearts from or connected with somebody who has the initial F or P. Get the idea?

As for the four cards which are left over, these are the things which are missing from your life at the time—so if you had the King of Spades left over, it would mean you wouldn't have to think about going to the dentist for a while—lucky you!

Just one more thing—don't waste time dealing the cards more than once a day in the hope of getting a better prediction. It's strange, but the chances are you'll deal more or less the same cards, or cards with a similar meaning each time. You could try it for yourself if you don't believe us.

INTERPRETATION TABLE

HEARTS

ACE Happiness at home, good fortune. TWO An invitation. THREE A short journey. FOUR A change of some kind. FIVE The initial E, or a time limit of five days, five weeks, etc. SIX Represents the initials F or P. Also a surprise meeting. SEVEN The initials G or J. Someone could be talking about you. EIGHT The initial H. New friendships on the horizon. NINE You'll get your wish. TEN Good luck overcoming any sort of ill fortune or unpleasantness. JACK Good news. QUEEN A friend will help you. KING A male relation will give you good advice.

DIAMONDS

ACE Money, often a windfall. TWO The initials A and K. Possibility of some jealousy. THREE Initials C or S. A time limit involving the number three. FOUR An unexpected news. FIVE A fortunate change. SIX The initial L and R. A sudden visit. SEVEN A journey over water. EIGHT The initials Q and M. A warning not to believe all you hear. NINE The second wish card! TEN Success in a test or exam. JACK A flirt. QUEEN A lady with blue eyes. Good news. KING An eyesight test, or medical check-up.

CLUBS

ACE Someone will return from a long journey. TWO Take care to avoid a disappointment. THREE The initial B or N. New neighbours. FOUR A change of some kind. FIVE A trip out of town, or to a market. SIX The initial D and Y. A pleasant surprise. SEVEN The initial unexpected gift. Also the initial I. EIGHT An of some kind. NINE The initial I. EIGHT An TEN A win. JACK Some worry in the family. QUEEN Generosity of a friend. KING Advice about your future and your career from a dark-haired attractive female. KING A dark-haired man.

SPADES

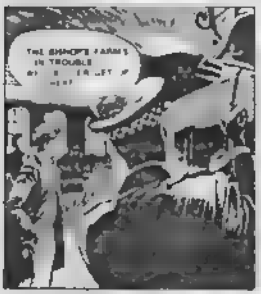
ACE A disappointment. Upside down, a disagreement or quarrel. TWO A letter or something requiring your signature. THREE Initials T and W. A hurried journey. FOUR Sudden changes. FIVE The initials O and V or U. A slight set-back. SIX A task may prove difficult. SEVEN The possible break-up of a friendship. EIGHT A struggle of some kind. NINE Great effort will be needed to overcome a problem. TEN A few tears. JACK Someone is trying to deceive you. QUEEN Jealousy of a green-eyed female. KING A visit to the dentist.

SPECIAL COMBINATIONS . . .

FOUR ACES Important news. THREE ACES A stroke of luck. FOUR KINGS Some form of honour will be paid to you. THREE KINGS A successful partnership. FOUR QUEENS Popularity and many invitations. THREE QUEENS Visits from friends. TWO QUEENS . Much happiness. FOUR JACKS . . . An invitation to some form of outdoor entertainment. THREE JACKS Success over a rival. FOUR TENS Good luck where you need it most. TWO TENS Pleasant surprises. FOUR NINES Unexpected help. THREE NINES Someone is talking about you. FOUR EIGHTS An important journey. FOUR SEVENS Success will be hard fought.

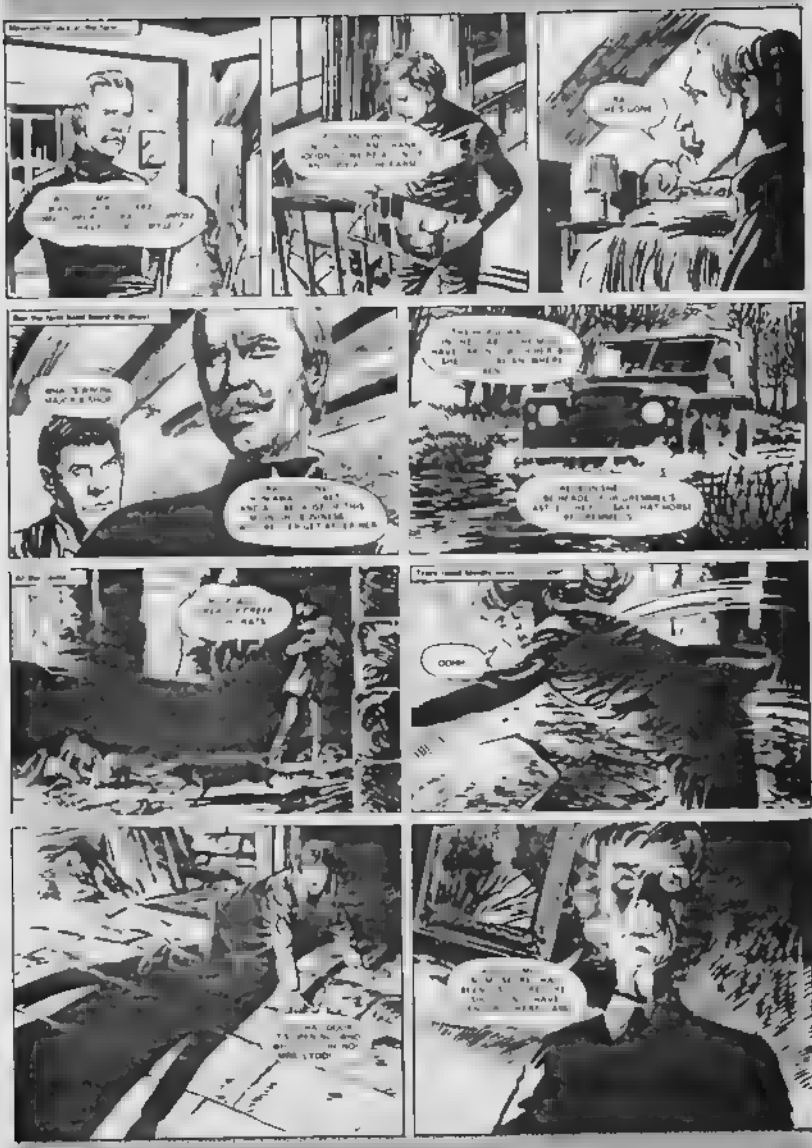
THE PONY FROM THE MOORLAND MIST

Cont nued from page 88



Tracy's father leaves us
LOOK SERGEANT I'D RATHER YOU DIDN'T TAKE THIS ANY FURTHER WOULDN'T THINK OF PRESSING CHARGE ANYWAY
HOWEVER AS YOU LIKE SIR BUT I'D LIKE TO HAVE BEEN SURE O' THE TRUTH
But Tracy was already walking away
THOUGHT RACHEL WAS MY FRIEND OH WELL
TRACY PLEASE CAN I SPEAK WITH YOU
GO AWAY LEAVE ME ALONE
OH LISTEN TO ME I KNOW I'VE BEEN WICKED AN' YOU DON'T KNOW HOW SORRY AM BUT I'M TELLING THE TRUTH!
LISTEN TRACY DIDN'T SEEM TO BE TO THAT HAYSTACK THAT SOUND DAFT BUT THAT HAPPENED BY ITSELF
DON'T SPIN ME THAT YARN I'M NOT GOING TO BE TEXAS AND SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE THAT'S HOW YOU WERE HOPING TO SCARE ME
IT'S TRUE TRACY ALL OF A SUDDEN THE HAYSTACK BLEW UP INTO FLAMES IT WAS FRIGHTENING UNNATURAL
DON'T BELIEVE YOU!
Sunday
BUT TIS THE TRUTH TRACY WARNED YE TO BEWARE O THE POWER O' FIRE DIDN'T MOTHER WEBB'S ALWAYS RIGHT
THE STRANGE OLD FORTUNE TELLER SPOKE TO HIS FRIEND WHERE DID SHE LEARN
SO THAT'S THE BLACK PONY SHE KNEW ABOUT HIM TOO DIDN'T MOTHER WEBB KNOWS EVERYTHING
REMEMBER THE PEBBLES TRACY THEY HELP MOTHER WEBB FIND OUT WHAT'S AHEAD IT'S AS IF WHAT THEY SAY
AHH THAT PONY O' YOURS AGAIN HE'S STILL THE INFLUENCE ON EVENTS ASS
EASY MIDNIGHT WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU
BUT NOW WE WANT TO KNOW WHAT TO BEWARE OF TRACY LAST TIME THE PEBBLES TOLD US OF FIRE WHAT WILL THEY SAY THIS TIME? ONE TWO THREE!

WOW WHAT AN
AND SUDDENLY WE
FEEL HE'S BEEN HE'S
GONE BROOM.
MIDNIGHT
HAS GONE
DON'T WORRY HOW
MIDNIGHT COULD HAVE ESCAPED
HE MUST HAVE DISAPPEARED
IM GOING TO GET DAD!
Trying unsuccessfully but trying to drive away
the villagers
MAGIC FOR MY FOOT
KEEP CALM! A
THIS NONSENSE
ABOUT EVIL MIDNIGHT CAN'T
HAVE APPEARED
PERHAPS DAD'S RIGHT
BUT DIDN'T ARE MY EYES OF
THE STABLE
DOC OVER HERE
SOMETHING'S GONE ON IN
AGE
WE'D BETTER TAKE
A DOC
THAT DEVIL HORSE IS
GOING TO ATTACK THE BOY
GET YOUR
HE BRUTE
OH OK IT'S MIDNIGHT
MOTHER WEBB'S PROPHECY HAS
COME TRUE I'D GOT TO DO
SOMETHING
LOOK
NEVER
IT'S ALRIGHT
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED
YOU'RE SAFE NOW
THE PONY BE EVIL
I CAUSED YOU FEAR
BISHOP'S FARM BUT I
WON'T CAUSE NO MORE EVIL
NOW
But suddenly
BAM
NOT SO
FAST
I BEN'T HE'S
AVE MIDNIGHT
THE HORSE
AWAY TEMPTATION NO MORE
BUT EVIL ON THE VILLAGE
IT'S GOT TO BE DESTROYED



'I've got to prove
Midnight isn't evil'
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND CHILD? MIDNIGHT IS THE GUARDIAN
MIDNIGHT IS NOT EVIL! YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO COVER UP FOR YOUR
IN MIDNIGHT
CMON BOY WHAT'S THE MATTER
BOY
MIDNIGHT

IT'S BEGINNING TO TURN
THE END

END OF THE PIER...
IT CAME FROM THE DEEP...

AT HOME

THE END

A VOICE FROM THE PAST

THE END

Angela found herself...

LOOKING AFTER GEORGY

IT was all because of a lesson at school that I got interested in finding out about my family tree.

Our history teacher was keen to get us interested in history, I suppose. And, knowing that we all felt that things which happened long ago had nothing to do with the lives we live today, she was trying to show us that our own relations had had to live through the events she was talking about.

☆ ☆ ☆

Anyway, I got quite interested. But what I was about to let myself in for never entered my head. If I'd have had any idea, I'd have left well alone . . .

LOOKING AFTER GRANNY

"Gran," I said, visiting her one day after the family tree lesson at school, "I want to know about your parents. And your grandparents. And all the things that happened when you were young."

There's nothing my gran likes better than to have someone listening to her talking about her young days, so I learned quite a lot that afternoon.

"My grandparents were millers," said Gran. "Quite important people in the town, I believe, until the disgrace."

"What disgrace, Gran?" I asked, amazed. A disgrace in the family? Whatever could have happened?

"I don't know all the details," said Gran. "But it was something to do with bats . . . something happened at the granary in town, next to the Old Bell Inn in the High Street. Anyway, my grandfather went bankrupt after that. And there was never any money in the family from that day to this. I've always hated bats, nasty creepy things swooping out of the shadows."

"Yes, Mum's the same," I said. "She must have inherited her fear of them from you."

"My mother was the same," said Gran. "Yet it's a funny thing, Angela. She gave me a carving of a bat and told me never to throw it away. I was to pass it on to my daughter, and she to hers, if she had one—which is you, of course. But your mother wouldn't have the thing in the house and I can't say I blame her, for there's a funny feeling I get when I see it which makes me feel quite sick."

"Can I see it, Gran?" I asked. "I'm not scared of bats. I think they're beautiful creatures. We had to dissect one at school—"

Don't tell me," shuddered Gran. "Yes, I'll show you the bat. And I'll give it to you while I'm about it. Then I'll have done my duty and get the thing out of my keeping. Come along, it's in the junk room.

Gran's junk room was really her third bedroom, but it was stuffed high with old boxes and papers. Between us we tugged at some of the boxes until we came upon a large trunk at the back.

"It's in here," puffed Gran.

She lifted the lid, and a musty smell drifted out from inside.

"Don't know why I keep all this junk," said Gran. "But when I start sorting out, everything seems to have a special purpose, so nothing ever gets thrown away. Now where . . . oh yes, here it is, nasty thing."

She pulled out a paper bag, and reluctantly drew from inside it the bat. It was carved in something that looked like coal, but when I touched it, it felt like wood.

"Gran, it's beautiful!" I said in delight at the little creature, which was about the size of my hand-span. "It's so perfectly formed!"

"Ugh—take it away," said Gran. "Oh, wait a minute. There was a pile of papers with it—you'd better have them, in case you can find out more about it. I never bothered to read them, I must admit."

I took the pile of papers, tied up with yellowing ribbon, and that evening, in my room, I went through them all.

The bat sat on my bedside table as if he was watching everything I was doing. The ribbon broke as I struggled to undo the knot, and papers fell all over the bed.

★ ★

As I picked them up I realised that they were all pages out of a notebook—a very old notebook, for the writing was faded and in a delicate old script so that it spread like a spider's web across the page.

I put an LP on the record-player to reassure my parents that I was spending a quiet evening in my room, and began to read the notebook.

The personal diary of Anna Marie, I read on the first page. And the first entry leapt at me from the page.

April 7th, 1878, I read.

April 7th was my birthday.

And in a state of amazement I read, "Today is my 14th birthday. Papa gave me a beautiful carving he has made of a bat—just like Georgy, so I shall call him Georgy too. And Mama has given me this notebook, which I shall keep as my own personal journal of all the adventures of my favourite creatures. I took my wooden Georgy to the barn at dusk tonight, to introduce him to his namesake—but the real Georgy was not there tonight."

★ ★

"April 28th, 1878. I have been too busy to keep my good resolution! Not much of importance to record. Last Thursday I spotted a badger for whom I have waited for months after hearing that one had been bold enough to show himself. But that was the day we all took tea with Mr. Lombard and his mother. So it slipped my memory until now. Mr. Lombard is building a new granary in the town, by the Old Bell Inn. What a grand house they have! But totally without any pets or animals in the gardens."

There was a lot more about the birds in the garden and Georgy and his fellow bats, and a long piece about the cows in a nearby meadow. Anna was certainly a girl for animals.

She went on to explain how she trained Georgy to hang outside her window at night, and told how she would talk to him before going to sleep.

The entries were irregular. After the first few months, there was a long gap in time. Anna was sixteen when she made the next entry, which was to tell how she had seen fewer and fewer of the friendly bats.

"They have all gone to Mr Lombard's granary by the Old Bell Inn," she wrote. "I have been to look for them, but they will not show themselves when people are around. My parents find it strange that I should care about such strange creatures, but they hold no fear for me. Mr Lombard has shown an interest in them. He seems a very kind man."

LOOKING FOR GEORGY

There was another gap of a year, and then I read

"Guess what! I've had to resurrect this old journal just to record the important things that have been happening in my life. I have been invited to the ball at the town hall next month! Mama and Papa are going too of course, and I am to have a long white ballgown. I am not to wear my hair up for fear of giving any young men the wrong idea, but I shall feel really grown-up!"

Anna must have enjoyed the ball, for the following pages were full of how considerate everyone had been to her; of how this man and that remarked on her beauty, but how she had to be careful not to take too much notice and become vain.

She had told one young man about her friends the bats and he had painted her a miniature of one, which she wore on a chain around her neck "much to Mama's disgust"

Before long I was reading of her engagement to Mr Lombard! "I do not love him, but I very much admire and respect him, and Papa says he will make an excellent husband."

The L.P. had finished long before, but I was too engrossed in the journal to change it. Anna and her Grenville Lombard were married in "much sumptuous" style when she was eighteen. I read all about the honeymoon in Bournemouth, and the costly decorations for the house.

But as the months went by, I detected a sad note creeping into the journal. Grenville, it seemed, was not such a kind man as Anna had supposed. He would not let her keep a dog. He shot the rabbits which scampered over his land. And he laughed at his wife for her sentimental love of animals.

★ ★

And then Anna told how she had discovered that he had plans to kill all the bats in his granary. He forbade her to go anywhere near the place . .

There was no more for a while, and then one more short entry. Time had passed and Anna now had a baby girl, Lucy. In her journal she had recorded the baby's birthday, name, weight, and a short description.

"She is delightful," she wrote. "Surely Grenville will soften towards all tiny, soft things now that he has his own daughter to remind him of them."

After that the diary was empty—but in the back I found some newspaper cuttings and a loose sheet of paper on which another, neater hand had written.

'Mama's journal shall be kept, so that future generations shall know the truth," it read. "Papa does not know of its existence, and after twenty years would not care if he did, I suspect. But he has never stopped blaming her, and says that our misfortunes since her death are due solely to her. But since I found this journal, I know that it is not so. I know that she went to the granary that night to save the bats, not realising that the poison which he had spread to kill them would be strong enough to harm her."

I was intrigued. What had happened? I read the newspaper cuttings and there the mystery was cleared up.

Anna had gone to a civic function with her husband . . . to the Old Bell Inn's private suite, leaving the baby with a servant. And during the evening she had slipped away to the granary next door, thinking she would not be missed. But the poison which Grenville had laid had choked her, and she had stumbled out into the street, gasping for breath, just as Grenville and some of the local dignitaries had come out looking for her.

Anna had fallen to the ground,

"You and I are one. Now I can rest happy.

Look after Georgy—look after Georgy . . ."

gasping "You've killed—you murderer"' I have no doubt that she was talking about the bats, not herself. But she never recovered. And from other cuttings it was obvious that the town had turned against the rich Grenville Lombard.

There had not been enough evidence to convict him of his wife's murder, but the tide of his fortunes changed so that he became a bankrupt and lived, without friends, alone with Lucy in a small cottage, earning a pittance as a woodman.

I lay awake that night, thinking of Anna, and when I finally drifted off to sleep I had a peculiar dream.

I was in a churchyard, and Victorian men in tall hats were gathered around a large cross which stood over a grave. Behind them a rabble of woodmen and labourers were running towards the grave, brandishing all kinds of implements.

"She never knew the truth"' shouted the rabble.

But the Victorian gentlemen stood around the grave, murmuring "You are guilty. You are guilty."

And in the dream, I stepped forward and shouted "No, it isn't true' He didn t mean to kill me' He was cruel, but not as cruel as that' You must believe me"'

★ ★

And then it all faded away and a girl's voice sounded in my ears.

"Thank you for telling them. You and I are one. Now I can rest happy. Look after Georgy—look after Georgy . . .

I woke up. Sunlight was flooding the room, and my mother was standing there, looking down in distaste at the little wooden bat.

"Did Gran give you that horrible thing?" she said. "Throw it out!"

I was fully awake at once.

"No—it's called Georgy, and she said I must look after it!" I cried, grabbing it.

Mum looked at me as if I'd gone mad.

"Well, keep it out of my way," she said. "It gives me the shivers"'

When she'd gone, I realised what I'd said. 'She said I must look after it . . .' But I hadn't meant Gran—I'd meant Anna'

Why should the link between myself and Anna have been so strong? It was three weeks later that I realised how strong those ties were.

★ ★

I was doodling on my notebook during a boring lesson at school, and I began to play that game where you write out two names and then cross out the letters which each have in common.

ANNA MARLE, I wrote, and then under it, my own name, ANGELA MARLAND. Two very similar names, really. And when I had crossed out all the letters common to each, I was left with four in my own name which, when I looked carefully, spelled out a word.

The word was GI AD

I know it's silly to read a lot into it, but then, you either believe in the supernatural or you don't . . . and I do.

I think Anna is glad that I've understood her story, and that someone, like her, is looking after Georgy.

●The End

the FIGURE in the FOG

POLICE

POLICE
POLICE
ACCIDENT
THE END

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

THE SCHOOL OF NO ESCAPE

IT TASTES LIKE - LIKE EATER
THE OTHER GIRLS THEIR EYES ARE CLOSING AS THOUGH THEY'RE IN SOME DEEP DEEP SLEEP BUT WHY ISN'T THE DRUG AFFECTING ME?
THE GIRLS YOU'RE READY YOU WILL DIE ME
THE GIRLS ARE PUT IN BACK HERE HOODIE THEY ENTER THE ROOM BE WHAT AM I
DALE
OH NO EVA SHE RECOGNISED ME
DALE WANT TO HELP YOU YOU MUST GET OUT OF HERE THIS WAY QUICK
HELP ME ELLAPE DON'T UNDERSTAN
EVA WHEN THE DRUG YOU GAVE ME WAS WEARING OFF
VERY IF MISS VOYCE SEES YOU WILL BE IN TERRIBLE DANGER
THIS ALL IS DALE EVA WAS A SPY FOR MISS VOYCE IL HOPE SHE AVED HE FROM CERTAIN DISCOVERY IF SHE'S PREPARED TO TURN AGAINST MISS VOYCE THEN PERHAPS AT LAST I CAN FIND OUT JUST WHAT GOING ON AT THIS SCHOOL
HERE SHE EVA NOW THE OTHER GIRLS ARE ALL ASLEEP WE'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL WE DON'T WAKE THEM
EVA WHAT ARE THOSE GIRL IN THE WIND WHAT IS MISS VOYCE DOING TO THEM
DALE

PLEASE EVA YOU MUST TELL ME YOU MUST
I COULD NOT LET YOU BE DISCOVERED BUT STILL HAVE MY ALLEGIANCE TO THE CAUSE CANNOT TELL YOU
HAVE DONE TOO MUCH FOR YOU ALREADY DALE PLEASE LEAVE ME ALONE I WISH TO SLEEP
SHE TERRIFIED MISS VOOR'S HOLD OVER HER IS TOO STRONG COULD HAVE LEARNED SO MUCH FROM EVA BUT THERE'S NO WAY CAN FORCE HER TO TELL ME THE TRUTH
WELL EVEN THOUGH EVA WON'T HELP ME AT LEAST SHE ISN'T AGAINST ME NOW BUT ALRIGHT BACK WHERE I STARTED I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT MISS VOOR IS PLANNING TO DO WITH THOSE POOR GIRLS
NEXT MORNING DALE HAD NO FRIEND ENGLISH WHAT HAD HAPPENED
FEE SO HELPLESS THERE HAD TO BE SOMETHING I CAN DO TO SAVE THOSE GIRLS
LOOK DALE THERE'S JO MORTIMER AND ANNETTE SMYTHE THEY WERE IN THE EAST WING LAST NIGHT BUT NOW THEY LOOK QUITE NORMAL
DAPHNE ALRIGHT IT'S AS THOUGH NOTHING HAPPENED TO THEM LAST NIGHT
OH DALE LET'S FOLLOW THEM
THEY'RE MEETING ALL THE OTHER GIRLS I SAW IN THAT SECRET ROOM AND WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO THAT FIRST FORMER?
LET'S HAVE SOME FUN WITH THIS LITTLE SCRUFF
LET ME GO! PLEASE HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING
UP SHE GOES AGAIN WE WON'T LET HER DOWN UNTIL SHE CRIES HA HA HA
THEY'RE HURTING THAT POOR GIRL WE MUST STOP THEM
MISS VOOR! WHAT IS HE GOING TO DO?
THAT IS ENOUGH, GIRLS - GO TO MY STUDY
MISS VOOR DOESN'T SEEM AT ALL SURPRISED AT WHAT THEY ARE DOING

IT WAS AS THOUGH SHE EXPECTED THIS TO HAPPEN AS THOUGH FOR SOME REASON SHE WAS JUST TESTING THEM
SO SOMETHING DID HAPPEN TO THOSE GIRLS IN THE LAST RING AFTER ALL DALE
I'D DEFINITE SOMETHING STRANGE AND SINISTER DOWN THERE WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT IT WAS
DALE GIVE ME A HAND IN THAT CLASS-ROOM WILL YOU ISN'T IT
HEH THIS COULD BE A CHANCE YOU GO ON KISSES AND THEN UP FOR ME I'M GOING TO
THE DOOR IS QUIET AND BEHAVED NOW BUT THERE SOMETHING ODD ABOUT THEM SOMETHING NOT QUITE RIGHT
THE AREN'T NOISY HERE BUT IT'S THE KIND OF QUIET
WAIT A MINUTE WHAT'S THAT BEHIND THAT WALL BEAR LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF CONTROL
HEY WE'LL GO HERE AT ALL NOW WE'VE COULD EXPECT TO LOOK AT THEM BUT THEY'RE NOT ORDINARY
HEY WHAT'S GOING ON

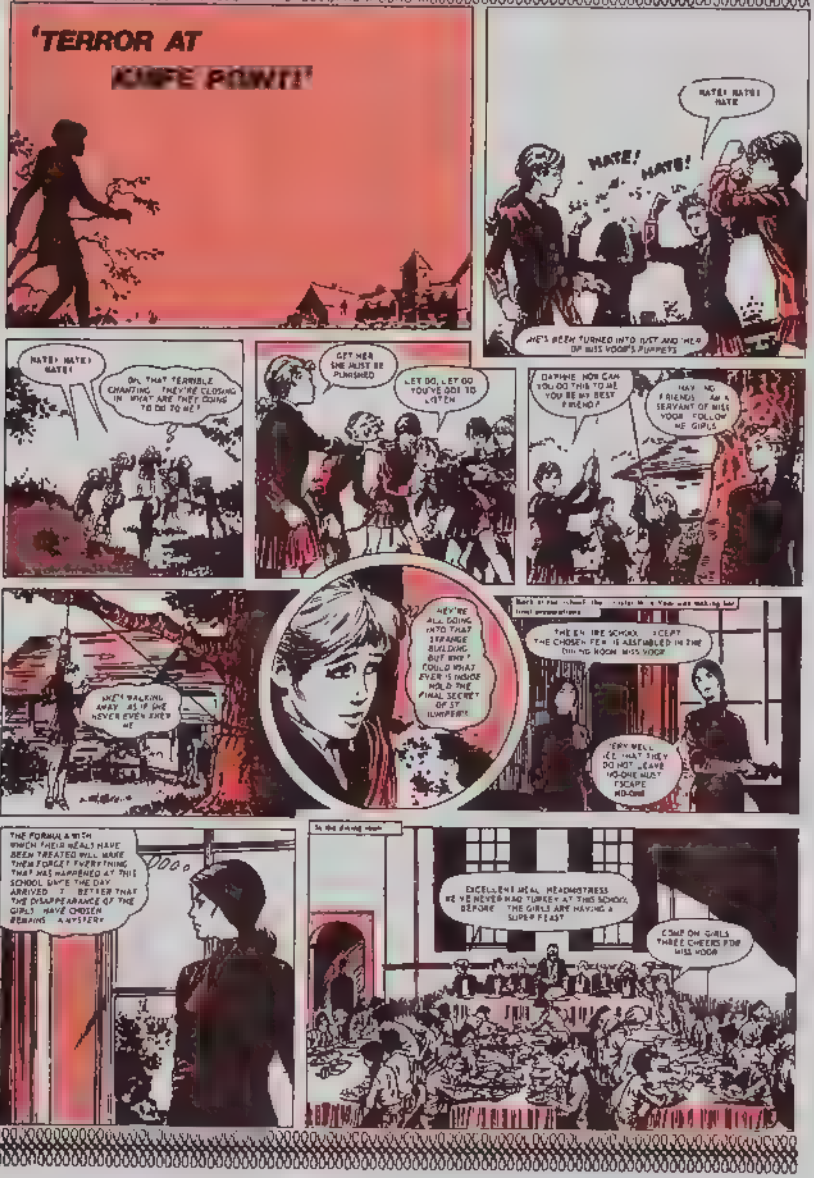
BUT BY USING THESE CONTROLS MISS VOOR CAN DECIDE THEIR EVERY ACTION
THEY TURNED HER INTO NOTHING MORE THAN PUPPETS
I CANNOT ALLOW ANY MORE SUSPICION TO FALL UPON ME AT THE SCHOOL I SHALL HAVE TO BE VERY CAREFUL FROM NOW ON
DON'T KNOW WHAT FRANKIE HAS TOLD THEM BUT I'M SURE THEY'RE PLANNING SOMETHING AT THE TUSA TONIGHT
EVA
EVA WAS THE STRANGE NEW POWER WITH WHICH SHE HOPED TO DEFEAT THE SCHOOL
CALL ME REALISE NOW THAT MISS VOOR AND EVA HAVE DECIDED MUST HELP YOU FIGHT AGAINST HER
OH EVA THANK GOODNESS
FIRST WE MUST GET THEM AWAY SAFELY DALE IF WE WAIT TO CONTROL HE WILL HAVE THE DEVICE QUARTER OF AN HOUR JUST AS LONG TO THINK AGAINST CHRIS KEITH
I HAVE AXED A MESSAGE FOR EVA ON A DOOR MISS VOOR WILL HELP THE INVISIBLE FOR A MINUTE PLEASE
SLOWLY SLOWLY WE CAN SLIP AWAY
ALL ABOUT TURN IT'S

It was Miss Flowers, the girls' form mistress.
GIRLS YOU HAVE NOT DONE YOUR MATHS HOMEWORK FOR THE LAST THREE DAYS. WHAT IS YOUR EXPLANATION?
WE'VE BEEN TOO BUSY TRYING TO DISCOVER WHAT MISS VOOR'S UP TO. BUT MISS FLOWERS WOULD NEVER BELIEVE US IF WE TOLD HER ABOUT THE MYSTERIOUS HAPPENINGS AT THIS SCHOOL.
VERY WELL SINCE YOU HAVE NO EXPLANATION YOU WILL STAY BEHIND AND DO THE EXERCISES UNDER MY SUPERVISION. THE REST OF YOU GIRLS CAN GO!
OH NO! I'LL FAKE ALL EVENING. MISS FLOWERS WILL RUIN EVERYTHING!
IF MISS FLOWERS KEEPS US HERE MUCH LONGER WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT TO THE QUARRY IN TIME
DALE PAY ATTENTION TO YOUR WORK!
I'M GOING TO TEA NOW GIRLS. I'LL BE BACK SHORTLY TO SEE WHAT PROGRESS YOU HAVE MADE
THAT BOOK SHE'S PUTTING IN HER DESK. IT LOOKS LIKE THE MATHS ANSWER BOOK. THIS COULD BE OUR CHANCE
At the moment, in the headmistress's study
YOU WISHED TO SEE ME, MISS VOOR
YES COME IN EVA. I HAVE A TASK FOR YOU.
DALE EVA HAS LEARNT TOO MUCH ABOUT MY PLANS. I WANT YOU TO ARRANGE AN ACCIDENT
BUT BUT MISS VOOR ...
EVA YOU LOOK RELUCTANT AS THOUGH YOU ARE STARTING TO FEEL PITY FOR THESE GIRLS. HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THE GREAT CAUSE WE WORK FOR!
MISS VOOR I CAN'T DO IT I WON'T!
LOOK DEEP INTO MY EYES EVA. DEEP DEEP. NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY TO WHAT I HAVE TO SAY
GO NOW EVA AND REMEMBER WELL WHAT YOU MUST DO
YES DEAR MISS VOOR
Some time later, when Miss Flowers returns to the lesson!!!
YES GIRLS. THESE EXERCISES ARE COMPLETED TO MY SATISFACTION. YOU MAY LEAVE
HE COPIED THE ANSWERS FROM THE BOOK IN HER DESK. DON'T LIKE CHEATING BUT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY

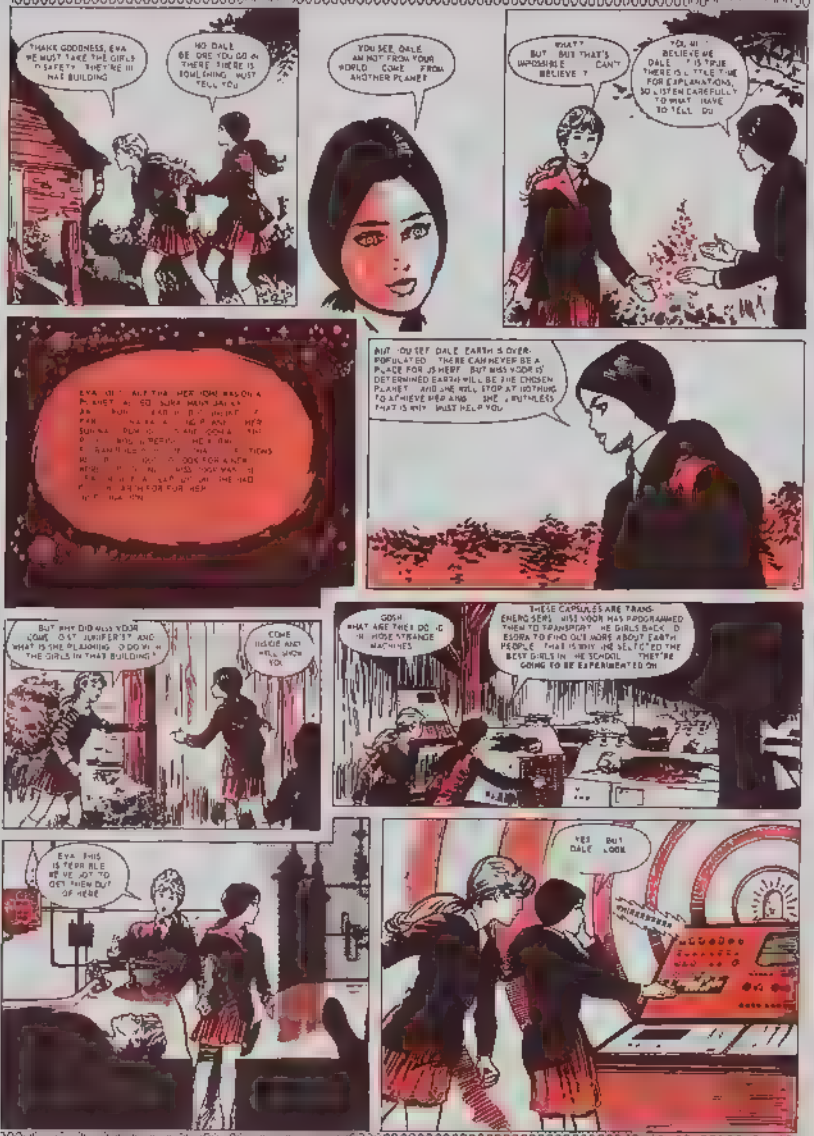
OH, NO EVA'S PUSHED ME OVER THE EDGE OF THE QUARRY ..! – IT WAS ALL A TRAP
I'M FALLING CAN'T STOP MYSELF
AAAAH!
MY HEAD'S SPINNING EVERYTHING'S GOING BLACK BLACK
Next morning, Eva reported to Miss Voor
I HAVE OBEYED. THE TROUBLESOME DALE RYAN HAS BEEN DISPOSED OF
YOU HAVE DONE WELL EVA. YOU WILL AWAKE FROM YOUR HYPNOTIC TRANCE IN ONE HOUR – YOU MAY GO
One of the strange 'Posture' Aids appeared.
EVERYTHING IS READY MISS VOOR ALL ARRANGEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE
EXCELLENT WILL SUMMON THE GIRLS HAVE SELECTED.
ATTENTION ALL GIRLS THIS IS MISS VOOR SPEAKING PROCEED AT ONCE TO THE CLASSROOM
THE CONTROLS I HAVE PLACED BEHIND THEIR EARS MAKE THEM OBEY MY COMMANDS. THEY ARE COMPLETELY IN MY POWER
In a sixth form classroom
GIRLS WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO SIT DOWN AT ONCE
WE MUST GO MISS VOOR HAS SUMMONED

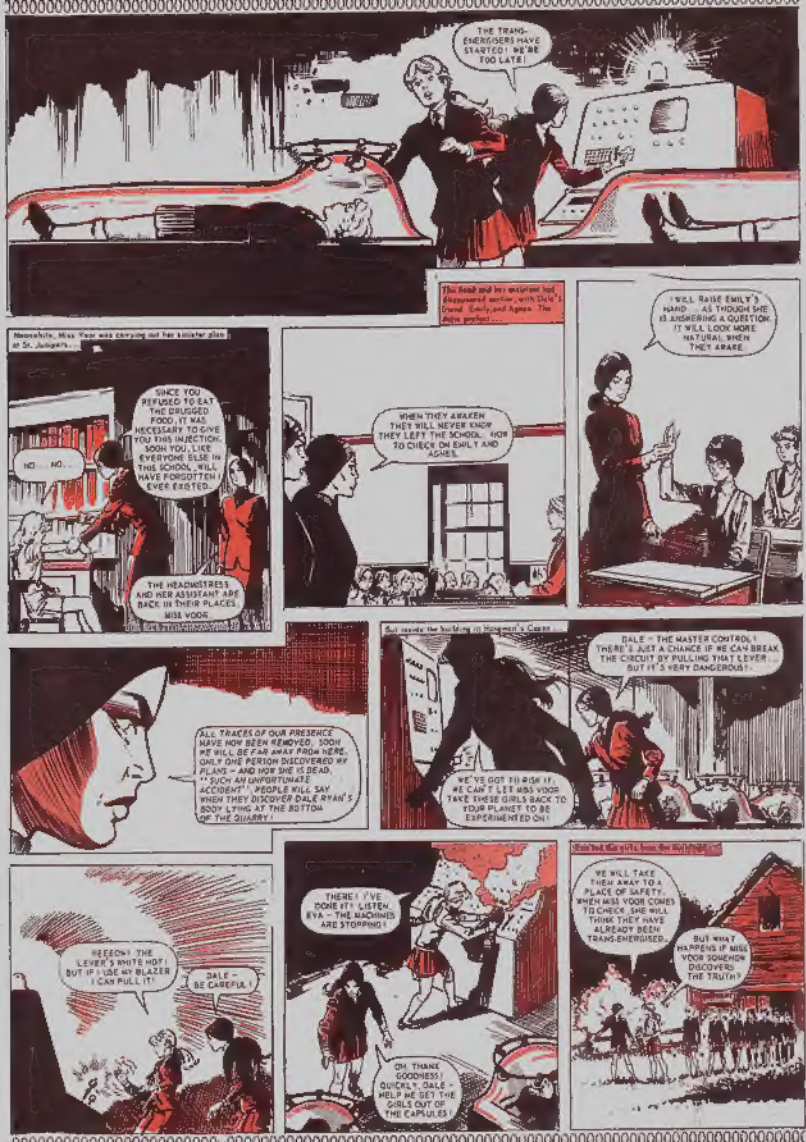
WHAT HORRIBLE GIRLS THAT BAD HERE
OH DEAR JULIET DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON AT THIS SCHOOL
GOSH WHO DO THE THINK THEY ARE POOR OLD MISS MASON
GOOD WE CONTROL ARE WORKING PERFECTLY DOWN THERE
IN FRONT OF YOU ARE PIECES OF PAPER YOU WILL WRITE LETTERS TO YOUR PARENTS TELLING THEM YOU ARE STAYING HERE FOR A SPECIAL EXAMINATION YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO WRITE AGAIN FOR A LONG TIME
THE LETTERS TO THEIR PARENTS WILL ALWAY ARRIVE TOO LATE SOON I SHALL TAKE THEM AWAY FROM THIS SCHOOL NEVER TO RETURN NOTHING CAN TOUCH ME NOW NOTHING
DOOM MY HEAD! WHERE WHERE AM I?
THE LAST THING I REMEMBER WAS EVA SHE FELL
MISS VOSS MADE EVA DO SOMETHING TERRIBLE I DON'T KNOW SHE DID WHAT TERRIBLE THINGS THAT EVIL WOMAN MUST BE PLANNING MUST GO FOR HELP
IF CAN JUST PULL MYSELF UP THIS ROCK

DOWN ! OH HE HELP
THERE'S SOMEBODY COMING
THE WORLD THE ONES WHO WILL BE ELECTED
THEY'RE ... TOWARDS THAT BARN MUST GET CLOSER AND FIND OUT WHO THEY'RE DOING HERE
But suddenly Daisy stopped
DIFF
WHAT WAS THAT
DOC WE HAVE BEEN FOLLOWED GET HER
WE YOU'VE GOT LISTEN TO ME YOU'RE ALL IN TERRIBLE DANGER NOW
DAPHNE WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE YOU CAN'T BE ONE OF THEM
HER EYES THEY'RE SO OLD AND DARK WHO DOESN'T BE AFRAID OF HER AND SHE HAS MY BEST FRIEND
HATE WHAT HAT
HATE!
AND NOW SHE GOT OUT OF THOSE CONTROLS BEHIND HER EAR
HATE!
HATE!


'TERROR AT
KNIFE POINT!'
HATE! HATE! HATE
HATE!
HATE!
SHE'S BEEN TURNED INTO DUST AND THEIR OF MISS VOOM'S PUMPKINS
HATE! HATE!
OH, THAT TERRIBLE CHANTING. THEY'RE CLOSING IN. WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO TO ME?
GET HER SHE MUST BE PUNISHED
LET GO, LET GO YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN
DAPHNE HOW CAN YOU DO THIS TO ME YOU BE MY BEST FRIEND?
HAY NO FRIENDS AM A SERVANT OF MISS VOOM FOLLOW ME GIRLS
SHE'S WALKING AWAY AS IF SHE NEVER EVEN KNEW ME
HEY'RE ALL GOING INTO THAT STRANGE BUILDING BUT WHY? COULD WHAT EVER IS INSIDE HOLD THE FINAL SECRET OF ST JUMPERS?
THE EN IRE SCHOOL EXCEPT THE CHOSEN FEW IS ASSEMBLED IN THE DINING ROOM MISS VOOM
VERY WELL SEE THAT THEY DO NOT LEAVE NO-ONE MUST ESCAPE NO-ONE
THE FORMULA WITH WHICH THEIR MEALS HAVE BEEN TREATED WILL MAKE THEM FORGET EVERYTHING THAT HAS HAPPENED AT THIS SCHOOL SINCE THE DAY ARRIVED ! BETTER THAT THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE GIRLS HAVE CHOSEN REMAINS A MYSTERY
OOOO
In the dining room
EXCELLENT MEAL HEADMISTRESS WE'VE NEVER HAD TURKEY AT THIS SCHOOL BEFORE THE GIRLS ARE HAVING A SUPER FEAST
COME ON GIRLS THREE CHEERS FOR MISS VOOM

HIP HIP H-U-R-R-A-Y
THANK YOU GIRLS WE'RE SO GLAD YOU'RE ENJOYING YOUR MEAL
ANGELA EAT YOUR TURKEY MISS VOOR HAS GONE O A LOT OF TROUBLE TO PROVIDE SUCH A GOOD MEAL
WHAT IS WRONG HERE TEACHER'S KID?
PLEASE MISS VOOR DON'T LIKE TURKEY CAN'T I LEAVE IT?
DON'T BE SILLY GIRL IT'S VERY GOOD TRY IT YOU WILL LIKE IT
CAN'T EAT IT IT MAKES ME ILL
VERY WELL TEACHER I AID TAKE THIS GIRL TO MY STUDY I WILL FOLLOW
SIT DOWN MY DEAR THIS WILL NOT TAKE LONG
WH-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO
AS YOU DID NOT COOPERATE IT WILL BE NECESSARY TO GIVE YOU A LITTLE INJECTION SOON YOU LIKE EVERYONE ELSE AT THIS SCHOOL WILL HAVE FORGOTTEN EVER EXISTED
IT FEELS LIKE WE'VE BEEN HERE FOR HOURS MY ARMS ARE ACHING. PSSH WHAT'S THAT NOISE? SOMEONE'S COMING
EVA?
HOLD ON DALE I'LL GET YOU DOWN
BUT DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU TRIED TO KILL ME OUT THERE IN THE QUARRY
MISS VOOR MADE ME DO IT BUT AM FREE OF HER POWER NOW I WANT TO HELP YOU


THANK GOODNESS, EVA WE MUST TAKE THE GIRLS TO SAFETY. THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THAT BUILDING
NO DALE BEFORE YOU DO ANYTHING THERE IS SOMETHING I MUST TELL YOU
YOU SEE, DALE, I AM NOT FROM YOUR WORLD. I COME FROM ANOTHER PLANET
BUT... WHAT? BUT, BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. I CAN'T BELIEVE IT
OH, BUT I BELIEVE WE DALE. IT IS TRUE THERE IS A LITTLE TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS. SO LISTEN CAREFULLY TO WHAT I HAVE TO TELL YOU
EVA, SHE TOLD ME THAT THE MEN FROM HER PLANET HAD SO MUCH MANY YEARS AGO DESTROYED EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE AND NOW THEY NEED A NEW PLACE TO LIVE. THEY HAVE CHOSEN OUR PLANET AND THEY WILL DO ANYTHING TO ACHIEVE THEIR AIM. AND SHE, RUTHLESS AS SHE IS, WILL HELP THEM IN THEIR PLANS
AND YOURSELF DALE, EARTH IS OVERPOPULATED. THERE CAN NEVER BE A PLACE FOR US HERE. BUT MISS VOOR IS DETERMINED. EARTH WILL BE THE CHOSEN PLANET AND SHE WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO ACHIEVE HER AIM. AND SHE, RUTHLESS AS SHE IS, WILL HELP THEM IN THEIR PLANS
BUT WHY DID MISS VOOR COME TO UNIVERSITY AND WHAT IS SHE PLANNING TO DO WITH THE GIRLS IN THAT BUILDING?
COME ISOLDE AND WELL SHOW YOU
GOSH WHAT ARE THESE DOING IN THOSE STRANGE MACHINES
THESE CAPSULES ARE TRANSENERGISERS. MISS VOOR HAS PROGRAMMED THEM TO TRANSPORT THE GIRLS BACK TO ESORA TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT EARTH PEOPLE. THAT IS WHY SHE SELECTED THE BEST GIRLS IN THE SCHOOL. THEY'RE GOING TO BE EXPERIMENTED ON
EVA, THIS IS TERRIBLE WE MUST TRY TO GET THEM OUT OF HERE
YES BUT DALE LOOK


THE TRANS-ENERGISERS HAVE STARTED! WE'RE TOO LATE!
Meanwhile, Miss Voor was carrying out her sinister plan at St. Judgeth's...
SINCE YOU REFUSED TO EAT THE DRUGGED FOOD, IT WAS NECESSARY TO GIVE YOU THIS INJECTION. SOON YOU, LIKE EVERYONE ELSE IN THIS SCHOOL, WILL HAVE FORGOTTEN I EVER EXISTED.
NO! NO..
THE HEADMISTRESS AND HER ASSISTANT ARE BACK IN THEIR PLACES.
MISS VOOR
The head and her assistant had disappeared earlier, with Dale's friend Emily and Agnes. The plan worked...
WHEN THEY AWAKEN THEY WILL NEVER KNOW THEY LEFT THE SCHOOL. NOW TO CHECK ON EMILY AND AGNES.
I'LL RAISE EMILY'S HAND - AS THOUGH SHE IS ANSWERING A QUESTION. IT WILL LOOK MORE NATURAL WHEN THEY AWAKE.
ALL TRACES OF OUR PRESENCE HAVE NOW BEEN REMOVED. SOON WE WILL BE FAR AWAY FROM HERE. ONLY ONE PERSON DISCOVERED MY PLANS - AND NOW SHE IS DEAD. "SUCH AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT". PEOPLE WILL SAY WHEN THEY DISCOVER DALE RYAN'S BODY LYING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE QUARRY!
But inside the building at Hangman's Castle...
DALE - THE MASTER CONTROL! THERE'S JUST A CHANCE IF WE CAN BREAK THE CIRCUIT BY PULLING THAT LEVER... BUT IT'S VERY DANGEROUS!
WE'VE GOT TO RISK IT. WE CAN'T LET MISS VOOR TAKE THESE GIRLS BACK TO YOUR PLANET TO BE EXPERIMENTED ON!
WEEEOW! THE LEVER'S WHITE HOT! BUT IF I USE MY BLAZER I CAN PULL IT!
DALE - BE CAREFUL!
THERE! I'VE DONE IT! LISTEN, EVA - THE MACHINES ARE STOPPING!
OH, THANK GOODNESS! QUICKLY, DALE - HELP ME GET THE GIRLS OUT OF THE CAPSULES!
WE WILL TAKE THEM AWAY TO A PLACE OF SAFETY, WHEN MISS VOOR COMES TO CHECK, SHE WILL THINK THEY HAVE ALREADY BEEN TRANS-ENERGISED.
BUT WHAT HAPPENS IF MISS VOOR SOMEHOW DISCOVERS THE TRUTH?

BY THEN IT SHOULD BE TOO LATE. IN EXACTLY ONE HOUR MISS VOOR AND THE REST OF US WILL BE GONE. WE HAVE NO NEED OF THE MACHINES - WE WILL BE AUTOMATICALLY DEMATERIALISED BY A PREARRANGED SIGNAL FOR OUR JOURNEY BACK TO ESDRA. THE PROCESS CANNOT BE REVERSED!
Dale and Eva hid the girls deep in the wood, then waited...
NOT LONG NOW, DALE. WHEN WE HAVE GONE THE GIRLS WILL RETURN TO NORMAL.
EVA! MY BLAZER! I'VE JUST REMEMBERED - I LEFT IT IN THAT BUILDING!
IF MISS VOOR FINDS MY BLAZER SHE'LL KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED! I'VE GOT TO GO BACK!
THEN HURRY, DALE! SHE WILL BE THERE AT ANY MINUTE!
HERE IT IS! THANK GOODNESS!
SO!! DALE RYAN!
MISS VOOR!
THE GIRLS... WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THEM? ANSWER ME AT ONCE, RYAN!
SHE LOOKS SO HIDEOUS AND SO... EVIL! I CAN'T TELL HER - I CAN'T!
LITTLE FOOL. I SHALL MAKE YOU TALK.
AAAAAH
YOU TEACHER'S AID... HOLD HER! MAYBE THIS WILL LOOSEN HER TONGUE...
A KNIFE!
NO! NO!
IT'S NO GOOD PROTESTING, GIRL... TELL ME - OR YOU WILL DIE!
But suddenly...
AAAAAH! NO! THE DEMATERIALISATION HAS STARTED.

...AH.... BEATEM...
WHAT'S HAPPENING! I FEEL SO STRANGE, EVERYTHING'S GOING BLACK!
THE MACHINES... MISS VOOR... THEY'VE ALL GONE! THEN THE GIRLS ARE SAVED! THIS TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE IS OVER AT LAST!
Dale ran to the place where she had left Eva and the girls.
EVA'S GONE, TOO. BUT WHERE ARE THE GIRLS? WAIT - THERE'S A NOTE!
Why Dear Friend Dale - I don't want the girls back at the school with them. Please believe me, my people are not like Miss Voor. They will entertain why your hard is not suitable for admission. Please don't be punished. Thought I am sure I will be thinking of you always! Eva.
When Dale returned to the school ...
THERE ARE SOME OF THE GIRLS WHOM MISS VOOR SELECTED. THEY'RE PLAYING HAPPILY... AS THOUGH NOTHING EVER HAPPENED - AND GOSH! THERE'S EMILY!
HI, DALE - COMING FOR A GAME?
BUT, EMILY, WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT DID MISS VOOR DO TO YOU?
MISS VOOR? WHO'S SHE? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, DALE?
WE'VE NEVER HEARD OF ANY MISS VOOR!
THEY DON'T REMEMBER IT'S AS IF MISS VOOR HAS MADE EVERYTHING AT THIS SCHOOL RETURN TO NORMAL. THERE'S OUR REAL HEADMISTRESS AND HER ASSISTANT.
IT'S STRANGE. ONLY I KNOW THE TRUTH. AND NO-ONE WOULD BELIEVE ME IF I TRIED TO TELL THEM WHAT REALLY HAPPENED. LOOKS LIKE I'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP IT ALL TO MYSELF.
Later, after classes, Dale was with Emily and her other friend, Daphne ...
GOSH! I'LL BE GLAD WHEN HALF-TERM COMES. THIS SCHOOL'S A DRAG! NOTHING EXCITING EVER HAPPENS HERE!
IF ONLY SHE KNEW! SOMEWHERE OUT THERE AMONG THE STARS IS EVA. I HOPE SHE AND HER PEOPLE FIND THE PLANET THEY'RE LOOKING FOR, AND THE HAPPINESS THEY COULD NEVER HAVE FOUND ON EARTH.
THE END

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